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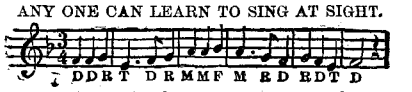

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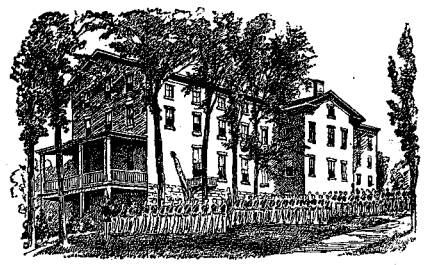

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LAWSON VALENTINE.

Contents, 7 October, 1893

	PAGE
COVER SENTIMENT: By James Russell Lowell	613
THE WEEK	619
EDITORIAL:	
The American Board	623
The Currency Question Again	624
Live in To-day	624
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:	
The College and the Ministry. By Charles F. Thwing	625
Industrial America.—VII. The Ranches of Wyoming. By C. B. S.	627
The Kentucky Mountaineers. By Jno. Gilmer Speed	629
The Greater Glory.—XXVI., XXVII. By Maarten Maartens	630
THE HOME:	
Time's Test	633
The Misses Lamson. By Elizabeth Comins	633
Cherry Vale	634
A Guide in Form and Color	634
The Little Foresters. By Edward T. McLaughlin	635
The End of the Ride. By Mary Willis	636
SUNDAY AFTERNOON:	
The New Theology and Man. By the Rev. E. G. Updike	637
Justification by Faith. By Lyman Abbott	639
THE RELIGIOUS WORLD:	
The World's Parliament of Religions	641
The Missionary Crisis in Turkey	642
The Canadian Church	642
BOOKS AND AUTHORS:	
A Noble Book	643
Minor Notices	643
Literary Notes	644
Books Received	644
CORRESPONDENCE:	
Fair Play to American Yachtsmen	645
A Scholarly Criticism	645
FINANCIAL	648
BITS OF FUN	651

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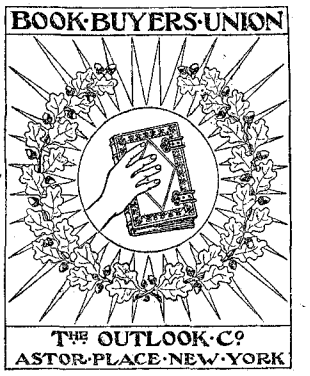

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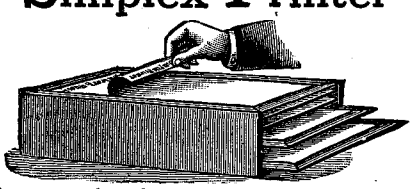

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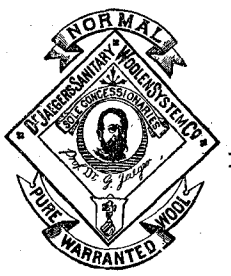

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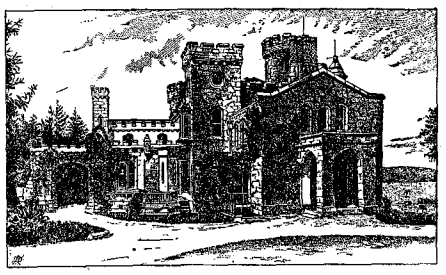

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A Family Paper

NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Volume 48 For Week ending 7 October, 1893 Number 15

The Week

THE debate in the House of Representatives upon the repeal of the Federal Election laws began on Tuesday of last week. The provisions of the present law which the Democratic majority aims to repeal are those providing that—

"Whenever, in any city or town having upward of 20,000 inhabitants, there are two citizens thereof, or whenever, in any county or parish, there are ten citizens thereof, of good standing, who, prior to the registration of voters for an election for Representative to Congress, may make known in writing to the Judge of the Circuit Court their desire to have such registration or such election, or both, guarded and scrutinized, the Judge shall open the Circuit Court . . . and appoint two supervisors for each election precinct, who shall be of different political parties, . . . and marshals and deputy marshals to keep the peace . . . and prevent fraudulent registering or voting."

Mr. Tucker, of Virginia, opened the debate in favor of the repeal of these provisions. His argument, in the main, was a constitutional one. He contended that, inasmuch as the States alone could determine the qualifications of voters, the Federal Government had no authority to determine who should vote. He also denounced the power given by the law to the Federal supervisor, and attacked the record of Supervisor Davenport, of this city. "The atrocities of the Duke of Alva," he said, "do not exceed the crimes against liberty which have been committed under these laws in the State of New York and elsewhere. The voices of those who have passed away within the last twenty years, who have suffered by imprisonment, privation, and ultimate death at the hands of this despotism, cry out to us for vengeance." He became so very eloquent upon this point that Mr. Ray, of New York, rose and called his attention to the report made in the last Congress by Mr. Fitch, of New York City, in favor of repealing these laws, not because they resulted in "confining voters in dungeons," etc., but because there were no convictions under them. Mr. Tucker proceeded with his argument in a more matter-of-fact way, and condemned the system of Federal supervision because of its costliness. To one not born and bred in the States' rights school this was his strongest argument. He concluded with an appeal that the National Government and the State Government should trust each other, and that laws implying distrust should be repealed.

❀

Mr. Brosius, who replied for the Republicans, had evidently not expected a constitutional argument from the Democratic leader. His set speech assumed that the constitutionality of the present laws would not be seriously questioned. This assumption was a natural one, since the Constitution expressly provides that Congress may at any time "make or alter" regulations relating to the "manner of holding election of Senators and Representatives," and the Supreme Court has affirmed the legality of the laws in question. The argument of Mr. Brosius was, in the main, a history of the election laws, showing the reason for their non-enactment prior to the Civil War and the reasons for their enactment subsequent thereto. To show that they were needed in New York City as well as in the South, he quoted from a majority report of an investigating committee of the Fortieth Congress the following statement: "The conclusion is irresistible that at least twenty-five thousand fraudulent votes were cast in New York City in November at the election in 1868." "A portion of the law," Mr. Brosius went on, "which is so vehemently denounced to-day . . . was voted for by such Democrats as Morrison, of Illinois, Hendricks, of Indiana, Pendleton, of Ohio, Randall, of Pennsylvania, Fernando Wood and S. S. Cox, of New York." A few years later Mr. Cox, as Chairman, presented a committee report upon the workings of the law in the election of 1876, which said: "The Committee would commend to other portions of the country and to other cities this remarkable system, developed through the agency of both local and Federal authorities acting in harmony for an honest purpose." Mr. Brosius concluded by urging the duty of the Federal Government to uphold the provisions by which it attempts to secure the honest election of its own officers and prevent any of the citizens from being disfranchised through fraud. If the question now before Congress were whether such a law as this is expedient and necessary, the question would be a fair one for discussion, with a good deal to be said on both sides. In point of fact, however, the law has been in operation for something like twenty years; it has worked sometimes beneficially, sometimes injuriously, but has neither accomplished as much good as is claimed for it by its friends, nor inflicted the injury which is feared from it by its enemies. The eager haste to repeal it is itself a suspicious circumstance. Wise statesmanship would leave this law upon the statute-book, at least for the present, and turn to other and more vital matters. It is certain that the extraordinary anxiety to repeal the law will constitute in many Northern minds, and not wholly unjustifiably, the strongest reason for retaining it.

❀

We said to a correspondent last week that "we judge that Mr. Cleveland is a gold monometallist." His published letter to Governor Northen, of Georgia, leads us to retract this expression of our opinion. He declares that he is "a friend of silver, that its proper place in our currency can only be fixed by a readjustment of our currency legislation and the inauguration of a consistent and comprehensive financial scheme"—in which The Outlook agrees with him; that such an inauguration "can only be entered upon profitably and hopefully after the repeal of the law which is charged with all our financial woes"—in which opinion The Outlook also agrees with him; he is opposed

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to the free and unlimited coinage of silver by this country alone and independently, but he is equally opposed to any financial legislation which will cause "a shrinkage in the purchasing power of the dollar he [any laborer or farmer] has received for a full dollar's worth of work or for a good dollar's worth of the product of his toil." On the whole, we should say that this letter indicates that Mr. Cleveland desires what all bimetallists desire—a currency which will neither appreciate nor depreciate—and that if he should become satisfied, as all bimetallists are, that gold has appreciated and necessarily will continue to appreciate, giving as a result a steady fall of prices, he would agree with the bimetallist in desiring a double standard. It is by no means clear, in view of this letter, that Mr. Cleveland would veto a consistent and comprehensive financial scheme wrought out by intelligent and scientific bimetallists for a stable currency on a bimetallic basis.

❀

The case of Mr. Van Alen has been needlessly obscured by surmises and suspicions which seem to be groundless. The facts appear to be these: Mr. Van Alen, who is a wealthy citizen of Rhode Island, made a large contribution to the Democratic election fund, unauthoritatively stated at $50,000. There was no bargain, expressed or implied, that he was to have any appointment, or influence, in return for this contribution. Mr. Van Alen's own testimony, and that of Mr. Whitney, are entirely explicit and entirely conclusive upon this point. After the election Mr. Van Alen desired an appointment to the Italian Mission, and Mr. Whitney wrote to the President warmly recommending him for various reasons, among others because of "his patriotic, generous, and cordial support in the canvass, when friends are few and calls are great." There is no question that Mr. Van Alen is a gentleman, possessed of the character and accomplishments which would fit him for the Mission, though without diplomatic training. Fifty thousand dollars is a large contribution, but probably, for a man of Mr. Van Alen's means, not proportionately greater than contributions made by a very large number of public-spirited citizens in both the political parties. In an ideal republic the contribution of money or service to a political party should operate neither to commend the contributor to appointment nor to interfere with his appointment; but we are not living in an ideal republic. One of the chief dangers to America is that offices will be disguisedly purchased by the wealthy. The history of Rome and of France afford warnings which America should heed. The mere fact that Mr. Van Alen contributed to the canvass is not an adequate reason why he should not be appointed Minister to Italy, but, on the other hand, "his patriotic, generous, and cordial support in the canvass" is no reason why he should be appointed, and the fact that it was cited by Mr. Whitney as a reason for his appointment has raised the not unnatural suspicion that this, rather than Mr. Van Alen's competence for the post, was the chief reason for his appointment. In our judgment, the Senate should discard Mr. Whitney's recommendation and consider simply the question whether Mr. Van Alen possesses those qualities which make him a desirable representative of America in Rome.

❀

Lord Dunraven, who has been in New York for two weeks past, has other claims to public attention on this side of the Atlantic than those attaching to him as the central figure in the international yacht-race. During the last four years there has grown up in England a new spirit and a new attitude toward labor, and especially toward that class of labor which previously had been unorganized and consequently weak and unable to protect itself. Nearly the whole of this change is due to the action of Lord Dunraven. In 1889, when Lord Dunraven was a member of the Salisbury Adminstration, he moved in the House of Lords for the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the sweating system. The committee was granted, and Lord Dunraven became its Chairman. It was in session during the greater part of the time that Parliament was sitting in 1889 and 1890, and its proceedings attracted more thoughtful attention than those of any committee of either the House of Lords or the House of Commons which has been appointed during the last twenty-five years. Lord Dunraven, as Chairman of the Committee, was responsible for the way in which the inquiry was conducted, and nothing could exceed the energy and intelligence with which he devoted himself to the work, or the completeness and thoroughness of the investigations made by the Committee. Every phase of the sweating evil was laid bare. For weeks the Committee was engaged in hearing witnesses from the East End of London. Many of these poor people were unable to speak English; their testimony had to be translated by interpreters, and day after day the room in the House of Lords in which Lord Dunraven's Committee sat was thronged with a polyglot crowd the like of which had never before been seen within the precincts of the Gilded Chamber. After the East End had laid its case before the Committee, witnesses were called from Manchester and Leeds, from Bradford and Birmingham, and from the potteries and chain-making districts of Staffordshire and Worcestershire; and to every industrial center in which labor had a grievance against the sweater, an opportunity was afforded of ventilating it before the Committee.

❀

The evidence was reported in great detail in the daily press, and its educational effect has been of a permanent and far-reaching character. The report of the Committee was soon followed by legislation. The Factory Acts were amended and strengthened, and in February, 1891, Mr. Plunkit, the First Commissioner of Works, moved a resolution in the House of Commons calling attention to the report of the Select Committee on Sweating, and setting forth that, in view of the revelations made before the Committee, it was the duty of the Government "in all Government contracts to insert such conditions as may prevent the abuses arising from subletting, and also to make every effort to secure the payment of the rate of wages generally accepted as current for a competent workman in his trade." This resolution was carried unanimously, and since that time the example of the House of Commons has been followed by local governing bodies all over the country. The resolution inaugurated a new era. Some of the forward movements have been chronicled in The Outlook. In December last note was taken in these columns of the action of Mr. Shaw Lefevre, the present First Commissioner of Works, in fixing the minimum rate of wages to be paid to laborers engaged in pulling down the old prison at Millbank. The old jail was hardly pulled down under the new conditions thus imposed on the purchasers of the material before it was officially announced in the House of Commons that the Government could no longer close its eyes to the change which had of recent years come over public opinion in regard to employers and employed; that it had ceased to believe in competition wages, and that it would frame its contracts accordingly. In all the great spending departments of the Government the spirit embodied in these resolutions and declarations is now being loyally acted upon, and within the last two or three weeks

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the Government has given notice to all contractors that if they cannot pay what is accepted as the fair rate of wages they must submit to the immediate removal of their names from the list of firms tendering for Government work.

❀

The report of Dr. E. R. L. Gould, of Johns Hopkins University, upon the Gothenburg system of liquor traffic, has just been published by the Department of Labor at Washington. It is a clear, judicial, and authoritative review of Scandinavian liquor legislation from the time when nearly every one exercised the right to manufacture liquor down to the present, when prohibition prevails in most of the country districts, while in the towns the sale of distilled liquor is practically restricted to the incorporated companies whose profits are in no way increased by extending their business. The volume contains, of course, statistical tables showing the diminution in the amount of drinking, the profits realized by the companies in various cities, and the distribution made of the profits. It appears that orphan asylums, total abstinence societies, home mission societies, theaters, public libraries, waiting-rooms for workingmen, homes for seamen, deaconesses' homes, and parks, are among the philanthropies receiving support out of the surplus fund of the company system. The report concludes with an admirable summary of the advantages and disadvantages of the system. "That which strikes an American as the most conspicuous merit of the company system," says Dr. Gould, "is the complete divorcing of the liquor traffic from politics." The companies have even gone further than the legal requirements in the matter of raising the age of minors to whom they will sell liquor, and reducing the temptations to drink. "In Norway the saloons are closed on Sundays, and at those periods of the day when workingmen are most tempted to drink." Immoral accessories, such as gambling, have everywhere disappeared. The chief disadvantage noted is the temptation to use the machinery of the system for revenue purposes rather than for moral reform. This has been rarely yielded to, but is always present. "It is feared," said Dr. Gould, "that the upper class of society do not wish to go further than the Gothenburg system. A practical difficulty may be raised in the future, should it come to a choice between the company system and prohibition." In the lower house of the Swedish Parliament, which contains 228 members, 30 are total abstainers, and 40 others favor the inauguration of prohibition. This party regards the Gothenburg system as vastly preferable to free trade in liquors, but expects the revenues, private and public, to furnish a serious obstacle to reform when the public is asked to suppress the evil of public-houses instead of merely restricting it.

❀

Mr. Gladstone's speech at Edinburgh on Wednesday evening of last week was notable both for its effectiveness and its moderation. He did not attack the House of Lords, but he put that body in an extremely uncomfortable position by bringing out the fact that, under the democratic system which practically obtains in England to-day, a body which is non-representative and indissoluble is an anomaly. "Since 1841," said the Premier, "the legislation of the House of Commons has been a perpetual challenge to the House of Lords," and if the latter body had not declined to accept that challenge, as, for instance, in the case of the repeal of the Corn Laws and again in the passage of the Irish Land Act in 1870, there would have been no House of Lords at this date. To the discussion of the Home Rule Bill the House of Commons devoted eighty-two days, while the Lords gave exactly four days to consideration of the same measure. Now this body proposes to force the Ministry to resign and appeal to the people, although that appeal can in no way affect their own existence. "If you desire," says Mr. Gladstone in effect, "to put the matter on this basis, be consistent, and as you propose to have the Ministry go out in case they are defeated at the polls, go out yourselves in case you are defeated." Of the great changes of the last sixty years in England, not one has originated in the House of Lords or has been promoted by that body. To every one of those changes, on the other hand, the House of Lords has been antagonistic and has yielded only when its own existence seemed to be jeopardized. The nation will not be baffled by a phalanx of five hundred Peers. "If it should ever happen, in the vicissitudes of political affairs, that the House of Lords, by some accident or collateral process, should bring about a dissolution of the House of Commons, depend upon it the people will not consider Home Rule alone, but will mix with it another question on which the Lords may bitterly lament, when it is too late, that they ever raised an issue." In its moderation, its vigor, and its incisive putting of the whole question, Mr. Gladstone's speech takes rank with the best of his efforts in late years.

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There is no longer any doubt that the recent illness of Prince Bismarck was of a very serious nature, the sharp attack of sciatica being followed by an attack of pneumonia which put the aged ex-Chancellor in danger of his life. When the serious condition of Prince Bismarck became known, the Emperor, apparently on his own impulse, hastened to open the door to a reconciliation by telegraphing urgent inquiries, by offering the hospitality of one of the royal castles, and by suggesting a personal interview. The correspondence between these two great personages has not been made public, although it has been the subject of no end of surmise; but about these three propositions of the Emperor there seems to be no mistake. The inquiries were apparently welcome, the offer of a castle could not well be accepted, and the suggestion of an interview was waived on the ground of the weakness of Bismarck. Very great influence has been brought to bear both on the Emperor and on Bismarck to effect a reconciliation, and it is not impossible that this result may be the fruit of Bismarck's illness. On the other hand, the recovery of the ex-Chancellor may entirely change the face of affairs, for both he and the Emperor are extremely strong-willed, and are not likely to compromise their differences except under the stress of some great emotion or some supreme personal or national crisis.

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The Congress of the Trades-Unions of the United Kingdom at Belfast adopted several resolutions significant of the drift of labor opinion in England. By a vote of 197 to 18, it demanded the establishment by law of an eight-hour day, except in trades where a majority of the organized members petition for exemption. A year ago this proposition had but a small majority. Its adoption by so overwhelming a majority this year points to a break between organized labor and its sympathizers in the old parties, who, of course, cannot consent to place the legislation for the whole country so distinctly in the hands of the trades-unions. The time, however, for the formation of a national labor party has confessedly not yet come. The Congress adopted a resolution to raise a fund to help labor candidates wherever nominated, but refused to recommend such nominations independently of the old parties. It was significant, however, of advancing Socialism that the Con-

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gress decided that no financial aid should be given to labor candidates who did not uphold the principle of public ownership of the means of production.

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Switzerland was the first European nation to incorporate in its Constitution the principle that it is the duty of the State to protect its working classes by prohibiting excessively long hours of labor. Through the Initiative it is now asked to pledge these classes a much larger measure of protection. Fifty-five thousand signatures have been secured to a demand that the Federal Constitution shall recognize "the right to work." The proposition to be submitted to the voters includes provisions for public workshops, shorter hours of labor, employment bureaus conducted by the State, and arbitration in labor disputes. Each of these provisions, no doubt, might lessen materially the amount of compulsory idleness. If public workshops are established, the rate of wages, of course, should be low, else the workshops would attract laborers from other employments rather than afford relief to the unemployed; but if the public, instead of giving alms to those who claim they cannot get work, would give employment to those who actually cannot get it, the charity thus given would be equally helpful to the State which gives and to the laborers who receive. Shorter hours of labor, if they seriously lessened production, would lessen the payment of labor. But shorter hours for labor, if they put an end to the present policy in so many industries of overwork at certain seasons and no work at others, would be in every way advantageous. Public employment bureaus and arbitration in labor disputes would also lessen the amount of idleness among those anxious to work. The four provisions, therefore, must be individually commended, in case the public workshops are to be conservatively conducted. Yet the fact that there are four good provisions to be submitted to the voters rather than one, instead of increasing fourfold the probability that the constitutional amendment will be adopted, reduces the probability to one-fourth. A nation is not likely to resolve upon taking four steps at a time.

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A royal commission in Holland, framed upon the English model, has investigated the condition of labor in that country and the growth of Socialism. The causes for discontent, according to the London "Speaker," are fully commensurate with the discontent. Not only are the wages low, but the half-fraudulent and half-extortionate system of truck payments is prevalent. The hours of labor are excessively long—eleven and a half, for instance, for factory workers, and seventeen for street-car employees. Trades-unionism is weak. Socialism, however, is making headway; it has even entered into one agricultural district. This district, says the "Speaker," is backward in educational matters, and is in distress. That revolutionary Socialism should make rapid headway here is, of course, in harmony with the advances it has hitherto made. Where the conditions of labor are good and growing better, where the laborers have hope, their Socialism is always of the evolutionary type. Revolution is typically the creed of despair. That the Holland workmen should prefer to fight for a new era in the ranks of Socialism, rather than work for better conditions in the ranks of trades-unionism, indicates the danger of delaying moderate reforms. It is worthy of note that the report laments a decay of religion among the workmen, yet calls attention to the general effort among them to prevent Sunday labor. In view of these efforts we question whether religion has any less hold upon the heart of the poor of Holland than it had before the revolt from ecclesiasticism began.

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It is not many weeks since The Outlook published a portrait of Dr. Jowett, the famous scholar and translator of Plato, and commented on his notable contribution to modern scholarship. Now comes the melancholy intelligence that the distinguished head of Balliol College died at Oxford on Sunday last, at the ripe age of seventy-seven. It is needless at this time and in this place to repeat the facts in the life of Dr. Jowett reported in these columns so recently. It remains only to recognize a service of the highest distinction, not only in its quality, from the standpoint of pure scholarship, but in its diffusive power. Matthew Arnold held that one of the highest functions of the scholar and man of letters is, not to accumulate the best in thought, but to disseminate it. Dr. Jowett performed this service in a very unusual degree, by bringing one of the greatest and ripest thinkers of the world within the reach of every English reader; and this work was done with such felicity and fidelity that it practically added Plato to the list of English writers, and made the "Dialogues" a part of English literature. In this busy commercial era it is refreshing to note the fact that a man like Dr. Jowett, who spent his whole life in academic seclusion, is nevertheless universally recognized as one of the foremost men of his time, and that his contribution to the achievements of his race and to the resources of mankind, although imponderable upon the grosser scales of the age, is nevertheless seen by his contemporaries to rank with the highest and the best.

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At length Belgium has a new Constitution which enlarges the electorate from something less than 160,000 voters to something more than 1,200,000, and which is, therefore, a long step in the direction of popular government. The changes made in the old Constitution of 1831 are so many and of so radical a character as practically to create a new fundamental law for the country. The most important of these changes, of course, is that which gives a vote to every citizen above the age of twenty-five. A notable feature of the new Constitution, and one whose effect will be watched with a great deal of interest, is the endeavor to create a conservative body by a multiplication of votes; an extra vote being given to all married men who pay taxes, or to bachelors who have attained the age of thirty-five, and a third vote to persons possessing certain property or educational qualifications, or who have held public offices of certain kinds. The introduction of this plural system will make it possible for 1,200,000 voters to cast about 1,900,000 votes, and the expectation seems to be that this additional 700,000 votes will form a kind of breakwater to protect the country from legislation of a too revolutionary character. It is extremely doubtful whether, under a democratic system, class interests can be protected in this way. They are apparently quite able to take care of themselves without special protection. In this country, where universal suffrage has always been the rule, wealth is more distinctively represented in our higher legislative bodies than in any other country in the world. Under the new Constitution, members of the Belgian Chamber may become ministers without the necessity of seeking re-election. Provision is also made for the acquirement of colonies, this article having in view the sovereignty of the Congo Free State, which is at present vested in King Leopold, but not in Belgium. Another interesting feature of the Constitution is the introduction of the system of

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compulsory voting, penalties being imposed upon all electors who refrain from the exercise of the franchise.

The American Board

The duty of the American Board at the approaching meeting at Worcester is in one respect absolutely clear. At the meeting last fall the desire of the missionaries in Japan to have Mr. Noyes taken upon the Japan mission was brought to the attention of the Board, and the matter was referred to the Prudential Committee with power. The Committee opened a correspondence with Mr. Noyes, and finding, as a result, that he had not retracted and was not willing to retract his theological opinions previously expressed, decided that it had no authority to confer an appointment upon him. Neither the Committee by its minute, nor the President in the open letter sustaining the Committee's action, declares the appointment to be inexpedient. They simply put the responsibility of a decision on the Board. It is clearly the duty of the Board to accept that responsibility; to evade it would be neither just nor politic. The Prudential Committee has a right to know explicitly whether the Board means to authorize Mr. Noyes's appointment. The churches have a right to know whether, in the opinion of the Board, Mr. Noyes's views are a sufficient ground for refusing an appointment recommended by a representative Council and asked for by the unanimous voice of his co-workers in Japan. Those who think that appointment desirable and those who think it undesirable should surely be able to unite in asking the Board to relieve the Prudential Committee and the executive officers of a responsibility which does not belong to them and does belong to the Board, to which the Prudential Committee has, by its minute, practically referred it for adjudication. It is currently reported that since the rejection of Mr. Noyes by the Prudential Committee the mission in Japan have united in a petition to the Board for his appointment. If this is true, the Board can scarcely refuse to entertain the petition and give it a courteous answer. It must either overrule the action of the Prudential Committee and appoint Mr. Noyes, confirm the action of the Prudential Committee and ratify the refusal to appoint, or in explicit terms authorize the Committee to make the appointment, if in its judgment the cause of Christian missions in Japan will be thereby promoted. Both the Committee and the churches have clearly a right to expect definite and decisive action from the Board on this subject. No other issue, such as the enlargement of the Prudential Committee, will suffice to divert the attention of the churches from the question of principle presented so clearly and concretely in the case of Mr. Noyes.

But this is not the only question.

The "Congregationalist" of last week presents graphically the gravity of the present situation, and cites in support of its view of the case the recent letter of Dr. Storrs in the "Independent." In that letter Dr. Storrs recognizes as widespread, though in his judgment not well founded, a distrust of the present administration—its personnel, its spirit, its methods. The "Congregationalist" points out the indications of this distrust—in the action of the Board itself four years ago ordering an investigation; in the unanimous report of the committee of investigation; in the suppression, at the request of the President, of some of the evidence on which that report was founded; in the resignation from the Prudential Committee of two members, and the declination of election by a third; in the official declarations of three out of four of the Congregational theological seminaries in New England; n the well-known opinions of four prominent college presidents, whose names are given, and of others not named; in the protests of State and local associations and individual churches; in the action of the National Council; in the known dissatisfaction, expressed and unexpressed, in several of the principal missions of the Board; and, finally, in the financial condition of the Board, which confronts a debt, incurred last year, of $88,000.

The cause of this increasing dissatisfaction and distrust is patent to the whole world. The duty of the Board is plain; it is, to quote the significant words of Professor Fisher at New York four years ago, "to remove the cause." The cause is the fact that the administration of the Board is in the hands of a very few men who are uncompromisingly opposed to any policy of union and fellowship with those who dissent from their personal theological opinions. With two changes in the secretarial office, and one or two in the personnel of the Committee, there would be eliminated from the administration most of the conditions of the present unrest and dissatisfaction in the constituency of the Board. These officers may be good men, but they are good men in the wrong place. Their abilities have been employed of late not so much in the things which make for the peace and unity of the churches and the advance of missions, as in carrying on a theological controversy and enforcing a policy of exclusion inaugurated by them in the mission rooms before the meeting at Des Moines. If they are continued in office, it will not be because the majority of the Board and the churches believe that it is for the best interests of the missionary cause that they remain, but because of unwillingness to make a personal issue of the difficulty. But the personal element is there, and it will continue to be there until the issue is squarely met and settled. The cause is greater than the man. It is not a question of liberals against conservatives. It is a question of the great body of the Congregational churches against what President Storrs truly declares is felt by many to be "a clique, or coterie." The only way to overcome this feeling is to transfer the management to men who belong to neither wing of the denomination—men who will administer the affairs of the Board untrammeled by the memories and prejudices of the past.

It is idle to contemn this distrust as insignificant. Dr. Storrs himself, in his open letter to the "Independent," has recognized its significance, though the remedy which he proposes could not restore the confidence which he frankly acknowledges to be wanting. That want of confidence is expressed by the repeated votes of at least one-third of the corporate membership. It is shared in by five out of the six men who have been elected on the official Board during the last few years—Secretary Creegan, Dr. Atwood, of Salem, President Thwing, the Rev. Charles A. Dickinson, and Dr. F. E. Clark. They were all conservatives in theology when they were elected to the Board. Their convictions, based upon an intimate knowledge of the details of the management, can but have great weight with the uninformed constituency of the churches. And that constituency has not failed to give expression to its own discontent. No organization can command the confidence of the churches a great while when its methods of administration are opposed by at least one-third of its corporate membership, and when the opposition comprises such men as Professor Fisher, Dr. Walker, President Carter, President Angell, Dr. Dunning, and others equally eminent in the Congregational body.

A few years ago a great life insurance company of this city came under a cloud. Its President had built it up

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and made it one of the most prosperous corporations in the country. A majority of the directors had personal confidence in him. But some errors of administration had shaken the public confidence. Public confidence once shaken cannot easily be restored. The President was retired, and the company began a new career of usefulness under a changed administration. Business men, charged with a great trust, regard the trust as more important than the retention in office of any individual. If the American Board would act on this principle at Worcester, it would enter at once on a new career of prosperity and usefulness. Otherwise it will continue to face a distrustful constituency and a diminishing contribution.

The Currency Question Again

A correspondent wishes us to explain how it is that we advocate the immediate and unconditional repeal of the Sherman Act, while at the same time advocating a use of silver on a parity with gold in the commerce of the world; and he implies a suspicion that we have changed our position on this subject recently. We have tried to make the grounds of our opinion clear, but we do not object to restating them.

The Sherman Act is a compromise founded on no principle and satisfactory to no one. It is inconsistent with bimetallism, for it treats silver as a commodity and buys it at a gold valuation. It not only does not lead toward bimetallism, it must be repealed before bimetallism can be established. It is inconsistent with monometallism, for it provides for the purchase of silver bullion as a basis for currency, and the monometallist does not think silver a sound basis for currency. It is a political anomaly, a temporary expedient, a compromise based on no intelligible principle. If it ever had a useful purpose, it has outlived its usefulness. No one really believes in it. The Democratic party has pledged itself to repeal; was elected on that pledge; and is bound in honor to redeem its pledge.

There is only one argument against immediate, unconditional repeal. It is that, by refusing repeal without conditions, such conditions can be secured as will involve some sort of recognition of silver by the Nation as a basis for currency. But some sort of recognition is not what we want. We have had enough, and more than enough, of temporary expedients and skillful compromises and vacillating purposes. We want them all out of the way. Then we want the issue between monometallism and bimetallism presented in a clear and simple manner to the American people, that they may decide between the two. We have no doubt that their decision will be for bimetallism. But, whether we are right or wrong in that opinion, as believers in the rule of the common people we want the question submitted to the people for decision; and we are prepared to abide loyally by that decision, whatever it may be.

The proper course to be pursued by those who are not mere silver men, but are really in principle bimetallists, is to sweep away the present obstacle to bimetallism—the Sherman Act. They should then provide a committee of their wisest men, in or out of Congress, to draft, not a compromise measure to reconcile conflicting interests and opinions by cheating both with illusive phrases, but a true, thorough, radical bimetallic measure, a measure having for its object the establishment of a double standard. That committee would have to come to some decision as to whether such a measure must be international or may be national only. When that measure is formulated, it should be presented to Congress. If it fails, the question will be submitted to and passed upon by the people in the next election of Representatives. If it succeeds in Congress and is vetoed by the President, the question will be submitted to and passed upon by the people in the next Presidential election. In either case the people will have an opportunity to decide the question. That opportunity they will never have so long as bimetallists content themselves with untenable compromises founded on no political principle, or endeavor to bargain for terms with their political opponents by refusing to repeal an Act which they did not frame, which they never believed in, and which must be repealed before a first step toward bimetallism can be taken.

As to our change of position, we have no pride of consistency which prevents us from changing our position when new light is thrown upon an old subject, or when changing circumstances call for a change of policy. In this particular matter, however, we have not changed our position. We quote from The Outlook of the date of 11th of February, 1893:

> "The Democratic party pledged itself to repeal the law known as the Sherman Act for the coinage of silver. It is bound to fulfill this pledge and repeal this law; but it also declared itself in favor of bimetallism, and it is equally bound to take immediate and instant measures to bring about bimetallism."

We are still of this opinion. And we regard the repeal of the Sherman Law as a necessary condition to the formulation of measures to bring about bimetallism.

Live in To-day

There is no illusion so insidious and persistent as that which introduces into the future some element of luck; which stores up for us in the future something which we have not secured for ourselves. We are always dreaming of having more time in the future and of doing things with a strong hand in consequence; to-day we have but fifteen minutes, and what can be made of such a fragment of time? Next year we shall have hours, and then we will read the new books, learn the language we need to possess, accomplish the larger tasks of which we dream. But the hours never come, and the achievements are made, if they are made at all, in these odds and ends of time that come to us by the way. The wise man is he who knows the value of to-day: he who can estimate to-day rightly may leave the future to take care of itself. For the value of the future depends entirely upon the value attached to to-day; there is no magic in the years to come; nothing can bloom in those fairer fields save that which is sown to-day. The great aim of Christianity is not to teach men the glory of the life to come, but the sacredness of the life that now is; not to make men imagine the beauty of heaven, but to make them realize the divinity of earth; not to unveil the splendor of the Almighty, enthroned among angels, but to reveal deity in the Man of Nazareth. He has mastered the secret of life who has learned the value of the present moment, who sees the beauty of present surroundings, and who recognizes the possibilities of sainthood in his neighbors. To make the most and the best out of to-day is to command the highest resources of the future. For there is no future outside of us; it lies within us, and we make it for ourselves. The heaven of the future, and the hell also, are in the germ in every human soul; and no man is appointed to one or the other, for each appoints himself. To value to-day, to honor this life, to glorify humanity, is to prepare for eternity, to seek the eternal life, and to worship God. The harvest of the future is but the golden ripening of to-day's sowing.

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The College and the Ministry

By Charles F. Thwing

President of Adelbert College and of Western Reserve University

WHAT more and what better can the college do in fitting men for the study of theology, and so in fitting men to become ministers? is the question I wish to present. I shall first present it through the remarks of teachers of theology themselves. In answer to direct inquiries as to improvements in the college course for those proposing to become theological students, the following statements are made:

PROF. C. D. HARTRANFT, HARTFORD THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

There seems to be a notable lack of practical preparation in English. There is a deal of bad spelling and loose-jointed composition, which is partly the fault of previous academic training, or lack of training, but which a severer test at entrance into college might contribute to overcome. An inadequate discipline in rhetoric is quite marked when students come to write their first sermons. It does seem to me that there ought to be a more ample education in poetry—not only the reading of it, but the writing thereof; nothing would so compel style and imagery as the school of verse.

In general philology, there is considerable deficiency in the knowledge of grammar, especially in the use of grammatical terms. It is not now easy to keep the balance between philology and literature.

Students are not yet able to read Latin fluently, so as to be prompt and time-saving in work among the sources. The same is true of Greek, only more so. Especially should a limit be imposed upon the student intending theology as to his Greek electives. He should be morally obligated to choose Greek during his whole course. . . . No one can be familiar with linguistics as such who has no chance to get into sympathy with the Oriental world. Hebrew ought to be studied, and not as an elective. For the theologian, German is more necessary than English nowadays. I do not overstate it.

There is also no little lack in the study of general history; but what seems to me a glaring anomaly is the absence of Church history from the curriculum. Men are taught the history of literature and the history of philosophy and all other histories save that of the most potent factor of civilization, the Christian Church. The lawyers, merchants, physicians, go to their graves without any acquaintance with the evolution of Christian thought and life. Bible history, too, and familiarity with the Bible as literature and as the Book of books, are pitifully wanting.

My brethren think, too, that logic, psychology, and philosophy are not in any way up to the mark for good work in inductive and synthetic study. Would not some catechetical form of Christian truth be worth the collegian's while?

The field of art is neglected, from æsthetics to all the practical forms. Every student should know how to sing, and how to play upon at least one musical instrument.

Preachers are criticised for lack of genuine elocution, or rather voice-building; the young men come to us too old to be regenerated. Many have not only contracted bad habits of speaking, but have injured permanently their vocal organs.

Physical training is too much on the athletic side; too little attention is given to the nervous system and to personal grace of movement and carriage.

PROF. EDWARD L. CURTIS, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

I am well satisfied with the present college system of fitting young men for the study of theology. It furnishes the liberal education and general culture needed as the basis for professional study, especially by those having the ministry in view. I should be sorry to have their studies curtailed or specialized to any marked degree further than that of providing them with an elementary knowledge of Hebrew. This they ought to obtain before entering the seminary.

PROF. H. M. SCOTT, D.D., CHICAGO

Generally speaking, the young man who faithfully pursues the classical course in our best colleges is well qualified for the study of theology. I think that perhaps fewer subjects should be taken up by some college men preparing for the ministry, and more thoroughness be attained in those which are pursued. I notice that many colleges put in their classical course advanced mathematics, as calculus, also surveying and spherical trigonometry; they have also lectures on international law, physiology, and botany. I think these ought to be omitted and the student given more time for the study of Latin and Greek, history, literature, and philosophy One of the defects which I feel especially in college men is their inadequate acquaintance with the history of philosophy, the Story of Thought, of mental movement in all lands and all ages. I have urged more than one college president in the West to give more prominence to this study; but as philosophy falls too often to the president himself, and as he is busy with many outside matters, the most he seems able to do is to take some text-book on mental science and give the men some elementary ideas respecting the theories of acquiring knowledge, but has little time or strength to show how men have gone on in getting knowledge of God, themselves, and the universe.

And closely connected with this lack of familiarity with the history of philosophy is the lack of a good working knowledge of general history. College men seem to skip from classical Greece and Rome to American history, and get no portable knowledge in college of the outline and movement of all history. And connected with this is a third want, viz., an inability to write and speak thoroughly idiomatic, strong, graceful English in a sustained, properly adjusted composition.

PROF. G. F. MOORE, ANDOVER, MASS.

The defects in men's preparation for theological study . . . do not appear to me to be due in any considerable degree to the *system* of our colleges, though we have had some cases of men whom we could not receive because they had elected too little Greek—and doubtless shall have more. Men who have to choose their studies in college must make up their minds sooner what they are going to do afterwards. . . . I will name only one point where the colleges all seem to fail. We get very few men who have not studied German; and we do not get one in ten who can read German in such a way as to be of any use to him or us. Whether too little time is given to it, or whether it is not well taught, or whether the students themselves slight it, I cannot say. German is as indispensable now as ever Latin was to the student of theology.

PRES. W. G. BALLANTINE, OBERLIN, O.

Students looking to the ministry suffer, along with all others, from the common defects of our educational methods. In thoroughness, genuineness, and originality, great advances are to be hoped for in the future, even in our best colleges. No man needs a broad and varied culture more than the minister. I should not, therefore, advise students expecting to study theology to specialize much in college. The Hebrew language should be pursued for at least a year, as the purely linguistic work at the beginning is rather part of a liberal than of a professional education. As good a foundation as possible should also be laid in philosophy, history of philosophy, ethics, Christian evidences, and sociology. A thorough acquaintance should also be secured with Bible history, and the general contents of the leading books of the Bible.

PROF. JOHN PHELPS TAYLOR, ANDOVER, MASS.

I have felt it to be a defect in our college system in fitting men for theological study that Hebrew was not insisted on in the case of future ministers. Where it is optional, as at Yale University, the effect is admirable. . . .

I should emphasize next the importance of philosophical, ethical, and sociological studies for college students intending to be ministers of the Gospel.

Last, but not least, I should hope there would be a brief course in the Greek New Testament, which should be obligatory on such students as meant to be clergymen.

THE REV. DR. GEORGE N. BOARDMAN, CHICAGO

A minister must acquire his professional education mainly after he enters on his work. The years before entering his profession can afford him only the rudiments of the knowledge he needs, together with the discipline of mind which shall enable him to work without loss of time and strength. Consequently, it makes but little difference what a young man studies, if only he studies well and learns to be a master of the topics to which he gives attention. I prefer that a young man should not, in his term of academic study, give very much of a professional cast to

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his intellectual pursuits. Let him ground himself well in those elements of education that form the basis of all culture. Of all men, the minister should most carefully keep himself in sympathy with the thinking world. He should know where fundamental truth is, and from what source error springs.

Still, a student looking forward to the ministry should so shape his course as to secure certain incidental advantages in his professional studies. Familiarity with Bible thought and Bible expression must be acquired at home in childhood. This is the most important qualification for his work. A good knowledge of Greek should be acquired in the academy and in college. I think it would be well if Hebrew could be made an elective study in the larger colleges, yet I would not have this done simply as a means of preparation for the ministry. Proficiency in this language will always depend on individual taste, and must be left there, after good facilities for acquiring it have been afforded.

I think our academic institutions should take more pains than they have taken in late years to give their students a mastery of the English language. The power of adequate and forcible expression is not valued as it should be. No language fits the American minister for preaching like the English language. Words suggest thoughts quite as much as thoughts suggest words, and the right words are as necessary as the right thoughts. I think our preachers of the present day are too careless in the matter of style. A careful study of this subject seems to me the direct method of ridding the pulpit of verbosity, of extravagant expressions, and of turgid, stilted phrases. Ability to express one's self in good English should be demanded of the minister.

Another topic to which candidates for the ministry should give attention is philosophy. Our colleges should furnish every student ample aid in acquainting himself with some system of philosophy, to be preceded probably by a study of psychology. And a fair knowledge of the history of philosophy should also be a college requirement. Theology presupposes philosophy; it has its basis in philosophy, and never wholly cuts loose from it and its main doctrines. The doctrine of the incarnation, the doctrine of regeneration, the ethics of punishment, all have a philosophical side. Some of our great preachers have claimed to have no theology; perhaps a few have had little; but many of our strongest men in the pulpit would have been shorn of their strength if they had been deprived of the power and privilege of the systematic study of truth.

I think an intelligent view of the proper structure of society an aid in preaching the Gospel, but do not believe a familiarity with the modern theories concerning social problems is necessary.

PRES. F. W. FISK, D.D., LL.D., CHICAGO

If a good knowledge of the Hebrew and the Greek Scriptures is well-nigh essential to a thoroughly educated ministry, such as our age demands, then for the attainment of this knowledge it is necessary either to prolong the theological training given in our seminaries, or to require for entrance upon it at least a rudimental knowledge of the Hebrew language as well as of the Greek. For the time that can be devoted to the study of the Scriptures in the Hebrew and the Greek during a theological course of three years is too brief to enable the average student to obtain such a mastery of the Scriptures in those languages (especially in Hebrew) as will be of very great service to him in his future ministry.

In order, therefore, that the study of the original Scriptures in our theological seminaries may be productive of the best results, it would seem necessary that a college graduate have at least a knowledge of the rudiments of the Hebrew language when he enters a theological seminary. Would it, then, be too much to ask of our colleges that they give to their students looking forward to the ministry an opportunity to acquire some knowledge of Hebrew before graduation?

And would it be an unreasonable suggestion to our colleges that considerable prominence be given to the study of the Greek Scriptures in the college course? Why is not the New Testament literature as worthy of study as that of Greek history or tragedy?

Would it not also be well to make the English Bible a text-book throughout the college course? Why should not the book that by common consent has had infinitely the greatest influence in making our Republic what it is be made a prominent study in American colleges? Can there be found in classic writings sublimer poetry, loftier prose, purer morality, and more exalted characters than are contained in the sacred Scriptures? Why, then, not give the English Bible equal prominence as a college text-book with Shakespeare, Bacon, and Browning? It is a pleasure to know that this is done in a few of our colleges, and it is hoped that the time is not distant when it will be done in them all.

These letters are their own commentary.

It is evident that the colleges ought to do more in fitting men for the ministry through a discipline in the power of using the English language. No axiom can be more axiomatic than that the power to use the English language as it ought to be used, and may be used, is the most important intellectual element which the minister can possess. In our Protestant communion the minister is a preacher. As a preacher he uses our English language. Any limitation in his knowledge of this language, any lack of facility in its employment, any defect in relation to it, is so far forth a diminution of his power.

In preparing men for the ministry—in preparing men for every profession—the colleges are not doing, in respect to English, what they ought to do. A knowledge of English literature is important in itself, and important as a means of rhetorical culture; but the demand for the knowledge of literature is not the greatest demand. The great demand is, rather, for the training of that power which shall itself help to create a literature. The demand is that the college shall make good writers and good speakers. The demand for the knowledge of literature is a demand of the *means* for making good writers and good speakers.

Every professor knows that no department of the college is so unpopular with the students as the rhetorical. Students are usually behind in keeping their engagements as to handing in written exercises. No work do they so habitually or so freely slight. In no work do they "crib" so extensively, or is cribbing so lightly frowned upon. The reason why this literary dishonesty is so lightly regarded is somewhat difficult to find. It possibly lies, I think, in the general consideration that the work of writing is a work unlike any other work in college; it approaches nearest the work of absolute creation. The study of philosophy, mathematics, history, is, in large part, a matter of learning, of memory. It is also a matter of thinking; but in these studies thought is a matter of secondary importance in relation to acquisition. Writing has for its first element thought. The writer must think, create. Now, the simple fact is that most college boys have nothing to create; they have nothing to make anything out of; they have nothing to say. On being called upon to write a forensic or a theme, their minds are quite as blank as the sheet on which they are to write. "What can I say?" is the cry. In such a state of intellectual, literary, and rhetorical insolvency, they feel that stealing is not an offense.

It is to be recognized that writing is a work involving all the work of the college; for, in order to write, one must have something to write, and having something to write is a result of general culture. The rhetorical department is not concerned so much with substance as with form, but the student himself must have some substance to his writing in order that it may have form. Nothingness is incapable of taking on form. It is the business of the professor of Greek, of Latin, of French, of history, so to train the student that he will have something to say when the professor of rhetoric asks him to say something in a certain way. Good working in writing presupposes and necessitates good work in other departments.

Two or three respects are evident, however, in which the writing done in college may prove a more valuable agency in preparing men for the ministry, and, indeed, for every other vocation. First, more writing should be done. More writing should be done as a matter of collegiate requisition, and more should be done as a matter of election by the students. Constant writing promotes facility; facility should not, of course, become fatal. It is preserved from such a catastrophe through carefulness of writing. Second, it would also be well to divide the writing done in colleges into two parts, one of which may be termed the rhetorical, and the other of which I shall term the thoughtful. The rhetorical should have reference merely to form, to the style, to the expression; the qualities of clearness, force, beauty, should constitute its value. The second part of the writing might consist of what I call the thoughtful. Its value should be found in the worth of the thought expressed, in the thoroughness and worth of the investigation, in the originality of the ideas, in the accuracy of discrimination, in the comprehensiveness of judgment exhibited. Here the rhetorical qualities of clearness, force,

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beauty, should have small value; the larger and more comprehensive qualities of noble scholarship and exact judgment should furnish the standard. Third, advantage would be found in the teacher giving to the written work of students more critical criticism. This criticism should be profound, touching principles and methods; should be detailed, affecting niceties and refinement of style; should be comprehensive, embracing every element of discourse. It may be kind and gentle and complimentary; it may be savage; but it should by all means be thorough and true. It should also be such as to inspire the student to do his best in writing. Its kindness should not smother his abilities in compliments; its severity should not benumb. The teacher should, in a word, arouse the pupil. He should be to the pupil what George Ticknor was to the students of Harvard in the too short years of his professorship.

But the great help which the college can give in the better training of its students in English lies in a downright enthusiasm on the part of both teacher and student in behalf of their vernacular. This enthusiasm should be for literature, but also more for writing. The college should aim to make writers. It should not aim to make *great* writers, for great writers can seldom be made. But it should aim to make its students write their native language with force and facility. The use of the English language in speaking is ground for an aim equally worthy. Some ministers will continue to write their sermons; some ministers, and probably a growing number, will continue to prepare their sermons without using manuscript. The power, therefore, of preaching in the English language extempore is a power to be diligently cultivated; and to acquire this power the college is to have on the part of both student and teacher a large and constant enthusiasm.

It is plain that the minister should know his Greek well. The more important of the sacred oracles are committed to him in this language. To understand these oracles is no small share of his duties. Exegesis is with him a very serious matter. Biblical theology is the most important department of theological study. Biblical theology is dependent upon a thorough knowledge of Greek; yet it is to be confessed that students in the colleges do not come to know their Greek. They are not filled with the Greek spirit; they read the language only with indifference; they are unacquainted with Greek literature as a whole. Such unworthiness of results is not necessary. The colleges should provide that every student who pursues Greek four years should become thoroughly acquainted with Greek literature. The quantity of Greek literature which has come down to us is very small; it can be embraced in a score of moderate-sized volumes. The student, if unable to read it in the original, should know it in translation; and he should so know it as to know the principles which it embodies and the methods along which it is formed. Thorough teaching and thorough study are able to bring forth this result.

The study of German is to be emphasized in the college, not merely for its own sake (although this is worthy), but also as a tool. German is the language of the best modern scholarship. The works most essential to a theologian are written in German; some of them which are the most necessary are not translated. No one can presume to be a thorough and ripe scholar in the important matters of theology without the ability to read German with facility. The testimony of Professor Moore, of Andover, that nearly all students of theology are able to read German somewhat, but only a few are able to so read it as to make it of much value in theological investigation, is true beyond Andover. Colleges, therefore, should emphasize the study of German.

It is furthermore to be said that the college course is deficient in the training it gives in philosophy and psychology. Philosophy is the science of sciences. It also represents what may be called the science of theology. Theology is founded upon philosophy. The principles of philosophy are the axioms of theology. Few or no difficulties appear in theology without having first appeared in philosophy. There can be no correct or profound theology without correct and profound philosophy and psychology. The minister, in approaching many questions in his practical work, must approach them from the psychological side. He is to know human nature. A thorough discipline in philosophy and psychology is in and of itself a thorough training in the power of thinking—a quality which is of use in every profession, but which is of special use in the ministry.

The study of metaphysics also tends to give a certain facility in mental operations; it promotes firmness in intellectual apprehension; it deepens the assurance which a man has of his own convictions. The great thinkers of the pulpit must first be great philosophers, and the foundation for this training is laid in the college. These letters are also significant in failing to represent the need of a training in the sciences. While a large number of the letters speak of the need of more adequate training in English, only one or two speak of more adequate training in the sciences. The sciences, in and of themselves, may have slight value for the minister; but the sciences do have a great value for the minister in promoting the use of the scientific method. The scientific method is induction; the scientific method, in a broader aspect, is the weighing of evidence. The failure to refer to the need of a scientific training on the part of the minister furnishes a certain degree of foundation for the charge frequently made against ministers, that they are not fitted to weigh evidence; that their logic is weak, their reasoning inconclusive. It is extremely important that such charges should be groundless. He who called himself the Truth should have as his disciples and apostles those who know the truth. To know the truth the best method should be employed. This method is the scientific method. This method should be acquired in the college.

Industrial America[1]

VII.—The Ranches of Wyoming

By a Staff Correspondent

What most interested me in Wyoming was not the cattlemen's war I went to investigate, but the peaceful way in which complete suffrage for women is on all hands accepted. The suffrage question is no longer a question in Wyoming. It has been answered so long to the satisfaction of the great body of the people that those who oppose offering the same opportunities to women as to men, letting nature determine the differences in their work, never think of reviving it.

When I crossed the Missouri River, I found myself in woman's territory. Two-thirds of the men I met in Kansas believed that the suffrage amendment would and should be adopted. The ablest Republican I met in that State, and the most intellectual man of any party, was a strong conservative upon all questions relating to monopoly, but an enthusiastic advocate of co-education and a firm believer in the educational advantages of woman's suffrage. In fact, he believed that the higher education of both sexes together all along the line was almost as important morally as intellectually; and when he spoke of the practical workings of co-education in the State University of Kansas, it was evident that his conviction was grounded in experience. In Colorado I found that, industrially, women had yet wider opportunities than in Kansas. For example, in my first hotel I not only found a young woman at the newspaper-stand, but another acting as hotel clerk, and a young girl acting as elevator-boy. In Colorado as well as Kansas woman's suffrage is to be voted upon next year, and I was assured by one of its supporters (an old Southerner on the staff of the leading Democratic paper of the State) that it was bound to carry the day. Women, he told me, could have about what they wanted in Colorado. For two years, he went on, by way of illustration, a bill compelling married men to support their wives, no matter how complete their separation, had been defeated on the ground that it would drive out of the State a good many

[1] The preceding papers of this series were published in the issues of July 8, July 29, August 12, August 26, September 9, and September 23.

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men who would come under its provisions; but last winter, when the bill came up, one of its friends offered an amendment declaring it to be the sense of the Legislature that any man who would leave the State rather than support his wife was too mean to be a citizen of Colorado. With this rider the bill passed, and is now on the statute-books.

When I reached Wyoming, I found that State as much more advanced on the woman's rights question than Colorado and Kansas, as these States were more advanced than the States of the East. The younger the commonwealth, apparently, the more firmly imbedded is the principle of woman's rights in its social constitution. I did meet three or four people in Wyoming who did not believe in woman's suffrage. The first was a street-corner acquaintance, who became extremely profane at the thought of women voting, and declared in very emphatic terms how disgraced he should feel if a wife of his should be seen at the polls. Fortunately for her, he had none. This man was a newcomer in the State. The next opponent of woman's suffrage I met was the very cultivated editor of the Cheyenne "Leader," who from the first had opposed the movement. There were three or four men in his office when we were talking of the question, among them General Thompson, who came within one vote of being elected to the now vacant seat in the United States Senate. The editor of the "Leader" contended that woman's suffrage involved a larger use of money in elections, not only in the form of carriage hire to bring voters to the polls, but in the form of presents to change their votes. General Thompson took decidedly the opposite view as to this matter of bribery, though he did not deny, so far as I remember, the free expenditure of money to bring women to the polls. On the other hand, the editor of the "Leader" admitted that none of the disastrous results predicted from woman's suffrage have been realized; no one had ever heard of any estrangement between husband and wife because of political differences, and every one agreed that the polling-places had been purified by women's presence at them. Husbands and wives generally came to the polls together, and profanity was never heard. Profanity, it appears, varies inversely as the number of women. The two remaining people I met in Wyoming who opposed woman's suffrage were a wealthy citizen of Cheyenne, who took part in the Johnson County raid, and his daughter, a society young woman. Apparently the society people are less in favor of woman's suffrage than any other portion of the American-born population. This young woman of whom I have spoken said that she would be glad to have woman's suffrage abandoned, but so long as it existed she expected to vote, as did every one else. In Wyoming, at least, the assertion that women would not vote if full suffrage were given to them has proven absolutely false.

It would be easy to fill the limits of this article with what seemed to me significant expressions of opinion regarding the workings of woman suffrage in Wyoming, but as condensation is necessary, it may be said that the overwhelming body of opinion was in favor of the new order. The fact that women do vote has not as yet, however, introduced any serious moral reform into the legislation of the commonwealth. When I entered my Cheyenne hotel a prominent sign over the clerk's desk announced: "Louisiana Lottery Tickets for sale here." Neither gambling-houses nor liquor-saloons are either prohibited or seriously restricted by the State laws. This fact, however, is not due to women's influence, but to the want of it. Every one admitted that if the matter could be brought before the voters the overwhelming majority of the women would be strongly on the side of the suppression of these evils.

Upon the question of the Wyoming cattle war, the testimony which influenced me most, perhaps, was that of a Colorado cattleman who was my car companion on the train to Leadville. In one way he sympathized with the exigencies which had led the cattle companies to order the invasion of Johnson County. "Our business," he said, "has been getting steadily worse for the last six or eight years. We used to get $50 for a steer where now we get $25. Besides this, all the best claims—those along the creek bottoms—are being homesteaded, and it is hard to get our cattle to water. Some of the companies have obtained a great deal of creek bottom land by hiring cowboys to enter claims and then transfer them; but it is a mean business, against the law, and increasingly risky. The result is that we are being shut out all around. That is what was the trouble in Johnson County. The position of the cattle companies was getting desperate, and they had to drive out the rustlers who were homesteading the best part of the ranges, or else leave the State. "So far as the law went," he admitted, with a laugh, "it was nearly all on the side of the rustlers."

This was substantially the view taken by most of the people I met in Wyoming. At Cheyenne I was soon referred to one highly respected citizen who had gone into Johnson County with the "gang of Texas cutthroats," and I promptly called upon him for his statement of the case. We had a long talk together, though only a short one on the subject of the invasion, which evidently he did not care to discuss. His statement was briefly this: Cattle belonging to the companies were being stolen; it was impossible to secure justice from the local authorities; therefore the companies were justified in taking the law into their own hands and sending men into Johnson County to weed out those who had robbed them. When asked whether the process of weeding out meant either killing or expelling, he replied that it did. The friends of the homesteaders did not deny that some cattle-stealing had been done, but charged that more of it had been done by the great cattle companies than by the homesteaders. The small cattlemen, they said, could not send men to the round-ups to reclaim their cattle that had strayed away on the range, or brand the calves that had been born to them. The whole machinery at the round-ups was in the hands of the cattle companies; and so, too, was the commission which had charge of the selling of the cattle at Chicago. It was impossible for a small herdsman to get payment for his cattle unless this commission decided they were his. Furthermore, the friends of the homesteaders denied that it was impossible to secure justice in Johnson County. Cattle-thieves had been convicted there during the few months before the raid took place. Those who took this view freely denounced the expedition as a murderous assault upon the homesteaders. The fact that none of the participants in this invasion had ever been convicted seemed to them a travesty upon the American principle of equal justice to all. Outside of Cheyenne this was the view universally held. I did not visit Johnson County, but in the long train-ride through eastern Wyoming, in which the passengers in the car became well acquainted with each other, I found no one who did not believe that the invasion was an outrage, pure and simple. One of them stated that there was not a woman in the State, outside of Cheyenne, who would not have taken up arms to resist another such invasion.

In concluding this article and this series a word must be said about the astonishing liberality of Wyoming, and of the West, in the matter of education. I found that in Kansas the State has so endowed its University as to offer the higher education absolutely free. In Colorado I was equally struck by the liberality of the public in providing magnificent school buildings. The high school in Colorado Springs is the most beautiful building of this description I have ever seen. But even Colorado does not equal Wyoming in its liberality. Outside of the few towns, Wyoming is almost entirely churchless, because the families on the ranches are so remote from one another; but the State is not, on this account, schoolless. No matter how many miles a family may be removed from its nearest neighbor, if it has three children, the State allows them, for seven months in the year, fifty dollars a month for a teacher. The Eastern cities will doubtless for a long time remain the centers of the highest culture, but the new West, by the intellectual quickening that comes from adaptation to new surroundings, broadened interests, and better educational facilities within the reach of the rank and file, will increasingly lead as regards the general intelligence of its citizens.

C. B. S.

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The Kentucky Mountaineers

By Jno. Gilmer Speed

There is something distinctive about Kentuckians in speech, manner, and bearing. But that something is quite different from the peculiarities popularly attributed to the people of the Blue Grass State by those not acquainted with the society and the manner of life which are common there. The newspaper wit in New York or in Illinois, when making a paragraph about a Kentuckian, is pretty apt to mention his capacity to consume whisky and his disposition to shoot at the word. As a matter of fact, there is as little drinking in Kentucky as elsewhere in the United States, and, so far as my observation goes, very much less than in either New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, or Washington. I speak only of the cities with which I am tolerably well acquainted. The reputation Kentuckians have for drinking comes from the fact that for very many years the best whisky has been distilled in Kentucky. The inference from that fact has been that, if they knew how to make good whisky, they must be very fond of drinking it. I make no claim that Kentuckians do not drink quite as much as is good for them, but I do affirm that drinking habits are no more general in that State than in any other, and I do not except even the State of Maine. Furthermore, there are as many temperate men according to population as elsewhere in the United States, and in no other place is drunkenness looked upon as more of a reproach. There was a time, to be sure, when drunkenness was regarded as an amiable weakness, but at that time it was regarded in about the same way all over the English-speaking world. These statements could all be proved were it necessary, and any intelligent observer who has traveled or sojourned in Kentucky will agree that they are entirely true.

Now as to the Kentuckian's readiness to shoot on the slightest provocation. He certainly has this reputation, and I recently read in "Harper's Weekly" a paragraph from Mr. Edward S. Martin pretending to believe that the genuine well-bred Kentuckian usually shot an enemy or two before breakfast to give a keener relish to the cocktail that he took to whet his appetite for his earliest meal. Here, too, have the wits, and the writers who generalize from an instance to a custom and a condition, been misled. On the face of the whole earth there is not a greater respecter of law and legal procedure than the genuine well-bred Kentuckian. This respect is a considerable part of his inheritance from his venturesome forefathers who left Virginia in the last quarter of the last century to found homes and secure estates upon what was then the Western frontier of the country. The land-hunger which is characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon manifested itself in a most marked degree during the reign of Elizabeth, when men who were well-to-do in England forsook the comforts of home to get larger areas of land in the Virginia plantations. This land-hunger in even a more intense degree was displayed by the Virginians when they crossed the mountains into Kentucky to make new homes and secure still larger tracts of land. To do this they braved untold dangers and suffered the severest hardships. Their object was not adventure; it was not to escape the restraints of well-ordered society; it was only to secure land. These were not ignorant emigrants, but were drawn from the best people in the Old Dominion—educated as well as men were educated in those early days. They had means, they were self-respecting, they were God-fearing. So high a class of men and women never went as pioneers to any new country as those who left Virginia from 1780 to 1800 to find homes in the Kentucky wilderness.

They knew very well that to satisfy their hunger for land they would have to observe all of the legal formalities, and they therefore established courts in the new territory as soon as it was possible. These were courts of record, and these records established the titles to the land that the pioneers had gone out to secure. Their very object in going to Kentucky had made it necessary that courts should be set up, and they respected the mandates of these courts implicitly, absolutely. From that time till now, and through all the generations, the Kentuckians have been notable for their respect for the law. And, notwithstanding this, such is the irony of fate, a Kentuckian is looked upon by the ignorant, through the length and breadth of the land, as a person who, with his own hand and by his own power, avenges every wrong against either person or property as well as he can. It is true that there was once a time when duels were fought in Kentucky; but at that time duels were fought all over the civilized world, so that as duelists Kentuckians were in no way different from men elsewhere. It is true also that Kentuckians, forty and fifty years ago, were, and to a very much less extent now are, very independent in their manner and bearing, and also in their way of thinking. This was due to the way the Kentuckians were treated after the formation of the American Union and while Kentucky was a territory of Virginia. For many years Kentucky was anxious to secure admission to the Union. The settlements were far away from Virginia, and the people were obliged to defend themselves against the hostile Indians without assistance. And yet they could do nothing without the sanction of the Virginia authorities. They wanted, they needed, self-government, but this they could not secure till the State was admitted into the Union. During these trying years, when the Kentuckians more than half believed that the Union did not want them, and while at the same time there was the hourly necessity of defending their lives and property from savage enemies, and at a time when each man was anxious to legally secure to himself as much land as possible, Kentucky was in a strange condition of unrest and dissatisfaction; but very few of the people dreamed of doing anything unlawful to relieve this condition. Still, the condition had a very marked effect upon the people. The Union did not want them; Virginia would not or could not protect them. They were sure of their own worthiness, and yet they seemed to be rejected. They therefore concluded to be Kentuckians, and sufficient unto themselves. Hence came the independent manner, the breezy way of talking; and this characteristic sticks to the Kentuckian to a limited degree to-day. The world thinks him a lawless fellow; the world finds him noisy and flamboyant. This is proof positive! But really he is the most law-abiding man in the world, and the manner that counts against him is an inheritance for which not even his ancestors were wholly responsible.

The reader will say by this time that the newspaper accounts of feuds in Kentucky and murders and bloody fights must have been all wrong if this writer knows whereof he speaks. No, gentle reader, the newspapers were right enough in what they have said, except in two regards: either they said too much or they said too little. When they said too much, they described the participants in these feuds as representative Kentuckians and prominent in the society of the State; when they said too little, they failed to tell that these murderers and outlaws were ignorant mountaineers, and in no wise more representative of Kentucky than, say, the "hoodlums" of Mulberry Street and Cherry Hill are representative of the best that is in New York City. These Kentucky mountaineers are a peculiar people, and have been so for very much more than a hundred years. In the early colonial days of Virginia it was customary to send penal convicts from England to be sold into slavery on the plantations of that tobacco-growing colony. The boldest of these convicts escaped from their slavery and fled to the mountains, where they settled and where their descendants have remained. They have always been a law unto themselves, but they have always refrained from molesting travelers within the mountain fastnesses, and they have never taken their feuds beyond their own hill country. They are, as a rule, merely squatters, and have no titles to the lands which they till in the most primitive of ways. The mountain counties of Kentucky have always been known in the State as "pauper counties," because the total amount of the taxes did not meet the expenses of the county government. They have had next to no marriage laws; their schools have been almost as bad as none, and the church services have been mainly

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confined to occasional camp-meetings. These mountaineers, the descendants of convicts and outlaws, have been and still remain semi-savages. There has been no industrial necessity to disturb them, and therefore they have been generally let alone, though now and again some active Governor has sent the militia to suppress what the newspapers, in their usual sensational way, called civil war. But these little forays into the mountains have never amounted to a great deal, and the militia has never come into contact with the outlaws. They bear a somewhat similar relation to the respectable people of Kentucky that the Indian tribes do to the people of the United States, with this difference, that the State does not treat with them as the National Government does with the Indians. When the time comes, and it is rapidly coming, that the minerals in these mountains and the timber with which the hillsides are covered are needed, these lawless mountaineers will have to be suppressed. To do this no army will be required. The hopelessly lawless among them will vanish as a mist vanishes before the sun; the best of them will become civilized, and will be different people amid the new surroundings. It must not be understood that there are no good men and women in these mountains. Such a statement would be an unjustifiable libel upon thousands. But the men who make the disturbances and shoot and kill each other are of the kind I have described. They are by inheritance not so much lawbreakers as they are entirely lawless; that is, knowing no law and caring for none. Such are the people who have given to Kentuckians a reputation that they do not in the least deserve.

These mountaineers have certain primitive industries by which they live in rude discomfort. They are all farmers, but they grow very little if any more than they consume. Their houses usually consist of one room on the ground and a loft. They are made of logs and plastered with mud. Each head of a family will have a few hogs. These are killed and cured, and mainly furnish the meat the year round. They raise chickens for their own consumption. Beyond this they have very little more than corn bread to eat. In every neighborhood there used to be an illicit distillery. Very little more whisky was made, however, than was drunk in the neighborhood. The United States authorities have made great efforts to stamp out this illegal distilling, and the officers have made the occupation uncomfortably hazardous even for these danger-loving folk. I have said that they did not molest strangers. There is one exception. The whisky-making mountaineer considers it his duty to kill every man he suspects of being a deputy collector of internal revenue.

Such money as finds its way to these people comes from the slight excess of corn, the feathers that are gathered and saved, the tobacco that has been grown, and from the ginseng, which is ultimately shipped to China. They send these products to market in the most primitive ways—by rafts down the mountain streams and by caravans that find the outside world through the mountain valleys. It has not been more than twenty years since the writer has seen a caravan in these mountains that seemed to take him back three hundred years. The pack-saddles strapped upon bullocks and horses were like those used in Europe during the Middle Ages, and the men and beasts found their toilsome way to the edge of the large world beyond the hills over mere tracks in the woods. I daresay that even as late as this year such caravans were to be seen upon the western slopes of the Appalachian chain of mountains.

The story-writers who have gathered material for their fiction in these mountains have made moving tales, but none of them, so far as I know, have made anything like a true picture of the real mountain life. If the knights in homespun and the ladies in sunbonnets really exist in the Tennessee mountains, as Miss Murfree has told us, then I am forced to the belief that it is a different race that settled a little further south than those who squatted in the Kentucky mountains and who have done so much, with the assistance of the newspapers, to bring undeserved reproach upon one of the most peaceful and self-respecting people that ever established a commonwealth.

The Greater Glory[1]

By Maarten Maartens

CHAPTER XXVI.—*Continued*

Reinout went up to his room with the wonderful discovery that the mysterious old gentleman of his long boyfancies had now developed into a blood-relation, a fairy godfather, a great giver of gifts. The splendor of a powerful position, large landed proprietorship with all its responsibilities and advantages, the sudden uplifting into a "great family," this had come to his mother, and through his mother to himself, direct from the dead hand of his secret friend. He understood the importance of the inheritance as few boys of his age could have done. Yet it was not so much an uplifting as a restoration. He knew all about the fief of Hohenthal-Sonnenborn, and the Countship of the Holy Roman Empire, and "I will make you Baron Butterworth." The hero of the latter story he revered as the founder of "our branch." At last, then, after the lapse of three centuries, a Count Rexelaer would again ascend the ancestral throne. He understood all that. You cannot help knowing thoroughly what your father tells you at least once a month.

He locked himself into his room with "Prince." He could not have told you why he liked to lock himself in, although nobody ever disturbed him. It was a fancy, a craving of the lonely child for absolute loneliness. Next door was the school-room, bare and tiresome; this was his own sanctum, dull and dark like the rest of the house, but bright to him with all a boy's accumulated treasure. He had a fine collection of seals, and a smaller one of postage-stamps (neglected), and he was now busy in getting together, at the Chevalier's suggestion and under his superintendence, a set of engravings of "distinguished" personages, native and foreign. Some good swords and rapiers hung against the wall, a present from his father; in one corner stood a turning-lathe, in another a complete suit of armor from a children's ball (William van Rexelaer, first Count Hohenfels) and an outgrown toy uniform of a Prussian Hussar, for in earlier days Reinout had loved to dress up. The place of honor, however, was occupied by a small glass cabinet, in which were carefully arranged a variety of old-fashioned gloves and mittens, half a dozen centuries of hand-covering, big and little, silken, leathern, or velvet, embroidered, bejeweled, and laced—the Chevalier's lifelong hobby, gloves of celebrated women (he had spent on the hands what the hearts had left him), solemnly made over to his darling pupil on the latter's twelfth birthday, "the termination of childhood." "Collectionnez, mon enfant," said Monsieur de Souza. "It is good; it supplies a vocation. When next we are in Paris I will take you to see the fans of the Vicomtesse de Rovilly. They are worth several hundred thousand francs, and she shows them to no one, but she and I are friends of the days gone by. That is the distinction of the collectionneur comme il faut. He does not show his collections." Nature was represented by a pair of gorgeous stuffed birds from Brazil, all glitter, and pricked-up-ness, and pride.

Reinout threw himself down on a magnificent tiger-skin, the present of an Indian Prince to Margherita, but neglected now and a little moth-eaten in places. The great black retriever fell over his young master, and they curled themselves into each other, warm and soft. Two things were troubling Reinout's thoughts, in spite of his eager desire to rejoice in his father's triumph: the lean finger of earnest protest upraised against the "villainy" of Greatness, and the strange Marquis's last, sad words: "Try to do your duty. I have not."

"I will," said Reinout, sitting up, with his arm round the dog's neck. "If only one always had somebody to tell one exactly what was right, it would be so easy. Why isn't there? I don't suppose anybody wants, purposely, to do anything wrong. Of course, there's Monsieur de Souza. He always used to know, I think, but perhaps he doesn't always. I don't think he'd quite understand what this beggar-man meant, he knows so little about poor people.

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À gentilhomme devoir fait loi. That means, to do your duty's always right. At any rate, it's always right to choose the disagreeable and be kind." And then he began to ponder the approaching St. Nicholas festivities and the presents he was going to buy for his cousins, the Rexelaers-Borck, especially for Topsy, his twelve-year-old favorite and playmate. He always received ten florins extra to purchase these presents with. He still hesitated, for Topsy, between a canary and a card-case (!). True, that was a subject on which he could ask his mother's advice. There were some subjects, you see, on which he could ask his mother's advice. He got up, and wandered downstairs to find her, the dog at his heels. Prince was not permitted to enter the winter-garden, because of his sweeping tail. He knew it, and the prohibition was a very sore point with him on account of Ami's and Flora's insolent manner of yapping against the glass doors. He sneaked in to-day, unperceived, and then turned with loud-voiced protest at Reinout's command to retire, backing and barking and bounding till, in another moment, he had upset a couple of pots by the entry. Margherita came into view from behind a great stand of chrysanthemums. Her eyes were still sulky; she looked down at the snapped stems with their helpless pink blossoms. They were her dear Brazilian lilies, just come back from the florist who had reared the seeds for her at much trouble and expense.

She did not say a word, but her face grew suddenly ugly, and she went back for a little whip which she kept to rule her own pets. Reinout had seen his mother beat Prince once before, till she drew blood. He trembled from head to foot. "Mamma," he cried, "it wasn't Prince's fault, it was me. I brought him in, and I knocked him up against the flower-pots."

She hesitated, with uplifted whip. One moment he thought she was going to strike him; then she said, in a voice as ugly as her face, "Very well, René; your St. Nicholas money can pay for new ones," and turned her back on the boy and the cowed creature at his feet.

Reinout silently got his copy-books and went up to Monsieur de Souza. He felt that he had done his duty by his defenseless friend, whose entrance he should have forestalled.

His tutor and he were busy with Italy, which was by no means a united kingdom yet in those days. "And now repeat to me, René," said Monsieur de Souza, "what I told you yesterday about Naples. How did there come to be a Bourbon reigning at Naples? Go on." And Reinout began. "You are forgetting about the Casa Crocida's," interrupted the old gentleman presently. "I am coming to that, Monsieur," replied Reinout, coloring. "But the King, seeing the battle was hopelessly lost, turned and fled down a narrow ravine. After a long ride he reached the lonely house of a peasant by some cross-roads, and the peasant, recognizing him, gave him a fresh horse. And the King said: 'Swear that you do not betray me,' and the old peasant swore on the cross of the King's sword. But just when the King was gone, flying to the left, a troop of the enemy rode up, and they asked which way the King had passed. And the peasant said, 'To the right,' but they did not believe him, and they made him swear on the cross again, and he told them that he hated the King because he had taken his only son for a soldier, and then he saw that the enemy had got his son with them as a prisoner! And the captain of the enemy said: 'We will turn to the right'—for they had to choose, you see, by the old peasant's cottage—'and if the King is not caught to-night, we shall slay your son.' And the peasant said: 'The King is gone to the right.'

"And when the war was over, the King sent for the old man and made him a baron. And the son, who had escaped, became a great general. That was in the thirteenth century"—"Fifteenth," corrected M. de Souza—"and the King gave them as a motto 'Splendide Mendax,' and the present head of the house is Prince Paul Casa Crocida, who was ambassador at Paris under Louis Philippe, and arranged the treaty of Maisons-Douillette, and whose wife is a Pamphigliosi and an aunt of the Italian Minister here."

Presently the Count came in. He liked to think he remained in touch with his son's education. "Well, my dear Chevalier," he said, beamingly, "I hope we shall be able to move to Deynum in time for Christmas. We can hardly be ready as early as St. Nicholas [5th Dec.], but we must have a regular Christmastide with all my brother's family. They are so English, you know. The air is dry up at Deynum. It will do your rheumatics good."

"It will do good then unto the good and to the evil," said the old Chevalier, smiling. "Like the good God himself."

"And you, René," continued the Count, turning to his staring son, "you must keep your presents till Christmas. We shall have a splendid time."

"There will be no presents," said Reinout, sullenly.

"Nonsense! Why not?"

"Mamma has taken away my money," replied the son of the house, with his elbows on the table.

"Have you been misbehaving? Oh, never mind! We can't have the whole thing spoiled just now. I'll let you have an extra gold piece for the sake of Deynum." And Count Hilarius fingered the money in his waistcoat-pocket. As a rule, he, with his pecuniary preciseness, was a complete stranger to "tips."

Reinout did not move from his ungraceful pose.

"I'd rather not, papa," he said, in his young pride of martyrdom. "Mamma wouldn't like it."

"Nonsense. Catch!" And Reinout, not being a prig, caught.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LOW LIFE FOR A CHANGE

A few evenings before the memorial Christmastide of that memorable year, a group of heavy-browed peasants sat solemnly smoking their pipes round the stove in the tap-room at Deynum. The stove glowed red-hot in the center; the room was ill-lighted and stuffy, amid its perfumes of gin and paraffin, and its slow-wreathing clouds of smoke. Could you have pierced beyond the lowering beams of the ceiling, you would have found in the chamber above a dark stain hid away under the square of carpet. They had scrubbed the boards repeatedly, but the stain remained.

The "memorable" year 18—. Surely in all human language there is no more ridiculous word than "memorable," the bellows with which we try to rekindle our little dead sparks. To the lookers-on at Deynum the year was memorable, because it brought events which interested and amused them, "pained" them also; but even pain, in a great catastrophe, is a form of amusement to the lookers-on. To you, who live in the center of the Universe, my epithet looks extravagantly oversized, but to you the Christmas of that year is memorable because of Tenorelli's magnificent *début* at the Scricci, or because the festivities of the season brought your first attack of gout in their train. Or perhaps it is memorable to all the hundred millions of this rolling world of Koopstad, because of that great victory which "changed the course of history." So be it. It is memorable to Tante Suze, because peat was a halfpenny cheaper that winter than it has ever been before.

The peasants of our poor little village sat round the fire on that winter's evening and smoked. But they always sat there of winter evenings, and they always smoked. They sat motionless, in great, black, hulking lumps, with their caps drawn over their eyelids, and their eyelids sunk over their immovable cheeks, enshrouded in lazy mists from each man's pendent pipe. And mine host tried to make them talk, as in duty bound, while he filled their little glasses with thick white gin, for was it not his duty to provide entertainment, and his profit to provoke thirst?

The remarkable circumstance on the particular evening here mentioned was this, that the guests talked of their own accord, and without any prompting. It were erroneous, however, to imagine a babel of conversation. In the silence of the heavily shadowed bar-room, some tight-coated, rusty creature—the only bright spot about whom was probably his vermilion face—would suddenly hazard a few slow sentences, frequently without removing the pipe which pulled down his lips. And then, after a brief pause, during which the clock against the wainscoted wall ticked with stimulating preciseness, a few solemn words of reply would ooze forth from another creature exactly similar in features and manner and accent to the one who had spoken.

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last. And, however insignificant the opinion emitted, each speaker wore an air, in emitting it, which would have done honor to a conclave of dignitaries of the Church.

"Yes, it's true enough," said Jaap Hakkert, the butcher. "I met Fokke Meinderts myself this afternoon driving a cart-load of boxes from the station. The family are coming next week."

"What do they want cart-loads of things for?" queried a voice from behind the peat-basket. "Wasn't there mountains in the Castle already? And didn't the old Baron leave them all?"

"Everything," broke in the landlady's fat voice, "excepting the plate and the pictures and the family papers and things. Those the Baron had removed to Father Bulbius's two days after the—the accident."

There was an especially long pause this time, heavy with thought. At last Job, the landlord, remarked, as he meditatively took down a bottle of spirits: "There's nothing coming but 'personal effects,' Dievert tells me. Whatever those may be, great folks require a good deal of them, it seems. They can't be clothes only, for nobody would want such boxes of *them*."

"Much you know about it," burst in Hendrika, with a scornful slap of a red hand on the bar. "Great ladies have hundreds of dresses, a couple for every day in the year!" She cast aggressive glances at her cumbrous husband from her bright, bold eyes. Evidently an old subject.

"The Baroness hadn't dozens of different dresses," retorted Job, on the defensive. "One always saw her in the same black silk."

"The Baroness wasn't a fine town lady."

"She was a real fine lady!" cried the landlord.

"She was the greatest lady that ever was," said a feeble old man, who sat nearest the stove.

They all spoke of her in the past. To the villager one who has definitely quitted the village is dead.

"I mind me when you never came across her but in a white robe, like an angel," the "oldest inhabitant" went on. But at this several of them cried out. They all remember that, they said. Uncle Peter must not give himself airs. The old man subsided querulously. "I mind the Baron's grandfather," he muttered, "with a bag to his hair, and buckle-shoes." But nobody heeded him. Their loss was too recent. And, besides, they had heard all his stories before.

Every one sat staring gloomily and smoking. Presently Jaap Hakkert "screeched" his chair along the sanded floor.

"There's one thing I can't understand," he said, very loud. "This old gentleman that—that *died* was a good Catholic—eh?" And he looked round fiercely, daring the whole circle to deny it. Not that he cared much, but that was his bullying way.

"He was a Catholic," replied Hendrika, "but not good. Now, his man was a pious, amiable gentleman, and so pleasant to speak to." She smirked a little, half frightened under the furious glances of her lord.

"And these people, his heirs, are naught but beggarly Protestants," Hakkert went on, ignoring the landlady. "And what I want to know is, how?"

Most of the peasants lifted up their eyelids for a moment and gazed stolidly at each other; then they dropped them again. The butcher sat up, his whole bulky body a mass of indignant interrogation. "And Rexelaers, too!" said one man who had not spoken before.

"It doesn't seem in nature," said the voice from behind the peat-stove. There was a general murmur of approval. The old man spat on the ground. "God forgive them! perhaps they can't help it," muttered a gentle-faced personage, who sat a little outside the circle—the village tailor.

But this sentiment did not find acceptance.

"Some people are born so," added the tailor, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Not Rexelaers," declared the butcher, violently. And he struck the ashes out of his pipe on to his raw, fleshy palm.

"Well, whatever they may be," interposed the ever conciliatory landlord, "we shall have them among us in a week, and we shall see."

"And we shall hang out flags and put up a couple of triumphal arches," said the tailor. "It's a pity the season is too late for flowers."

"No arches!" burst out a young fellow, who now spoke for the first time. He spoke with great vehemence. And he came forward from a little side-table, by which he had been sprawling in the darkness, his hands in his pockets, a stumpy brown pipe between his lips—a big, bright-looking young fellow with a shock of yellow hair. The others all stared slowly round at him.

"I'd like to see the sneak would dare to hang out a bit of color," he cried, slowly edging his way into the circle. He held up the little brown pipe in one huge brown hand, the other he clenched in a threatening lump in the pocket of his tight black breeches. "Who of you wants to rejoice at the old lord's downfall? Not I!"

"Not I," said the man behind the peat-basket, and then most of the others said "Not I." "Ah! but what does the Commune do?" said the tailor. And he smiled.

The Commune, in Holland, has a Burgomaster, a couple of assessors, and a village council. The Burgomaster is almost always a man of birth and position, by preference a large landed proprietor. The Baron had been Burgomaster of Deynum; the post was vacant.

All eyes were turned—with a long, slow movement which left the heads unaltered—in the direction of a portly farmer whose rubicund full moon shone with the radiance of fifty years' prosperous butter-making. This was the Deputy Burgomaster. "We must see what Dievert says," this worthy made haste to declare. Dievert, the Baron's steward, was the other assessor, and had been, for many years, practical ruler of the Commune.

"If the village council do anything in the way of an official welcome, they deserve to be hung," declared Thys, as he turned on one heel. "They won't," assented somebody. "No, that they won't, nor none of us," cried the landlady, energetically. "Bravo, Thys; are you off to Lise up at the Chalkhouse farm? He! he!" The landlady, like all her sex, dearly loved a bit of love-making; other people's was always second best. Thys was Lise's sweetheart, you remember. They were to be married in spring.

"No, they won't," affirmed Jaap Hakkert, who was a member of the Council, "not for beggars of Protestants. We don't want no beggars of Protestants at Deynum."

"Hist!" interrupted Job, who was another member. He looked round anxiously. For Protestants, though they do not thirst for the true religion, may still be made welcome at a Catholic bar. At Deynum the Pharisees of both sects visited the publican's house with a beautiful readiness which would have been deemed reprehensible eighteen hundred years ago. But to-night, as it happened, the landlord's eye beheld none of these men of false faith and honest pay, such as his soul both scorned and cherished.

"No, that the Council won't," said Job, disgusted by their absence. "Confound beggars—masters or servants."

"Best take your masters as they're sent," said the tailor.

Thys turned threateningly by the door, already half invisible, looming terrible through the darkness. "It's my belief you're glad," he said, illogically. "Boys, let's shame him. Hurrah for the old Baron! The Holy Virgin help him! Hurrah!"

Dutchmen are not easily moved to exhibit feeling. Nor did these now spring to their feet with uplifted caps. But most of them took up Thys's cry, with a clumsy grin on their faces and a doubt, at their hearts, of young Thys's foolish fuss. In those same wooden-walled hearts, however, there was but one prayer of sympathy for the poor great ones so suddenly driven from their midst. The Dutch peasant, as a rule, thinks and feels true. The Baron had, all his life, been a good lord to his people; the Baroness, a very patron saint. The new man was a fine city gentleman, despicable for having been born in a street. And, besides, as far as they understood, he had not even paid for, but had stolen, the property, which the Baron had expressly conditioned should never be his. "We will insult him," said one fellow aloud, giving voice to the general sentiment. The tailor sat gazing immovably at the red eye of the stove. Some ashes fell, and the red eye winked at him.

[To be continued]

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The Home

Time's Test

The test of character is the ability to accept finalities; "to make each goal, when reached, a starting-point for further quest." When a man has changed the current of his life because he cannot adjust his conscience to the accepted standards of the great majority, and then finds that his decision is not viewed by the world as the decision of a hero, but as that of a weakling, it requires absolute faith in the law of right to enable him to live up to the high-water mark he has set for his life; it is difficult, but surely within the compass of such a mind to accept the finalities of its decision though the world does not applaud, and even though it disapproves. Having made a decision based on one's highest perception of what is right, to view its effect in the light of a failure is to defeat one's life. The finality of a high moral purpose must be a success unless the decision was the result of impulse instead of principle. The decisions of impulse never can be final; they must of necessity change, for they are not the result of trained perception. There is no character in the world so much to be pitied as the one that is swayed continually by impulse; there is no stability—no growth. Having no definite goal, it cannot reach after that which marks success; it has no yesterdays, and its to-morrows are vague periods of time to which the to-days point, but with which they never connect.

It is not what the world thinks of our decisions that is most valuable, but what we think of them viewed in after life. If we view our decision of a question involving morals as a failure, it is a failure. Nothing makes our decisions moral but the use we make of them. If we regret them, no matter how high the moral courage of the moment of decision, we have defeated our own purpose; our banner with its "Excelsior" trails in the dust, and we have no followers, because we are not leaders; we are leaves on life's roadway, subject to the passing breeze.

The Misses Lamson

By Elizabeth Comins

"My!" exclaimed Mrs. Pinnergar, rustling her stiff satin skirts and drawing up her stout body, "if there ain't the Lamsons a-comin' in the gate!" There was vexation in every line of her face, from the narrow forehead under her ridiculous bangs to the coarse lines on her fat cheeks and double chin.

"They are real industrious," said Mrs. Talley, a pretty young person with severe notions, as one might guess from the angle at which her mouth closed. "I believe they take care of their mother."

"Yes," admitted Mrs. Pinnergar, relaxing a little. "They make as much fuss over her as if she was the Queen of Sheba."

Miss Lamson was the taller of the two. Miss Looloo (I spell the name as it was pronounced) was the plumper. Both had beautiful dark hair, very girlishly arranged. Both had bright, small, dark eyes. Both were fair, and time had etched both faces full of fine wrinkles like crape—wrinkles which rice-powder erratically applied did not cover. Miss Lamson had reinforced nature with a set of nice porcelain teeth; Miss Looloo retained her own, much battered and blackened by time. Miss Lamson wore a white crape shawl arranged scarf-fashion over a very shiny black silk; Miss Looloo also wore a crape shawl, but it was what used to be called ashes-of-roses in color, and her shiny silk was purple. At their poor thin throats were cameo brooches of large size. On their heads were confections wonderful and touching to behold—wonderful as showing what the home-made may become in millinery, and touching since the draggled artificials and ironed ribbons, more than any other detail of their toilets, showed the poverty of the wearers.

"Glad to meet you, ma'am—we are indeed," said Miss Lamson, warmly, and with an indescribable air at once friendly, youthful, elegant, and amusing. "Our ma would have been pleased to have come with us, but she is afflicted—no longer gets to go anywhere, as you may say, ma'am," and the sisters subsided languishingly and used their dingy Watteau fans.

Ordinarily Mrs. Pinnergar poured forth a monotonous rumble of talk that carried all before it, until, for some mysterious reason, she would stop abruptly, making her hearers wonder if it still went on in her mind—as a river may plunge into an abyss, and pursue its course underground. But now she had her mouth shut so closely that it seemed a mere thread, and her head was turned resolutely toward the window.

"Isn't your mother usually well?" asked Mrs. Talley, with the air of a person trying to do her duty.

"Yes, ma'am, mamma is, as you may say, crawlin', but she's only middlin', ma'am," said Miss Lamson.

"Has your home always been in the West?" I asked. It was just then my stock question. Having just come from the East, I instinctively concluded that every one I saw had at one time or another been an immigrant.

"Yes, ma'am, you may say so," admitted Miss Looloo, putting up a handkerchief trimmed with cotton lace to display it, or to hide her poor teeth. "Our papa and mamma came from Kentucky, but mamma was born in Ferginny." It was clear she considered this fact important, and as carrying distinction.

"You were in Kentucky during the war, I suppose?" said Timotheus, who, like most middle-aged married men, is stone-blind to signs of age-dread in women.

The Misses Lamson looked troubled. "We were, as you may say, infant babes during the wah," said Miss Lamson, meekly. Then Miss Looloo took courage and smiled.

Mrs. Pinnergar's whole figure became expressive. I feared she would turn about abruptly and begin a season of talk we should not want to hear. Mrs. Talley blankly stared. I pinched my arms. I remembered the war, and I was quite sure I was not as old as these ladies. But they were church members; it was impossible to suspect them of fibbing. Other visitors came in; the Misses Lamson left; but Mrs. Pinnergar stayed on till we were alone. "Dreadful affected old things, those Lamson girls! Old as I am, every day!" (Mrs. Pinnergar looked sixty, and the Lamson sisters did not.) "And the airs they put on! Why, last Christmas I took them some of the things brought to the church for the poor, and the old woman all but shut the door in my face. 'We want for nothing, my girls and I,' says she; and everybody knows they have had all they can do to keep soul and body together. And palming themselves off as young!" Mrs. Pinnergar shook her head so disapprovingly that the alligator teeth she wore in her poor old ears as earrings bobbed back and forth like pendulums.

The Misses Lamson were not at home when Timotheus and I returned their call. But their "ma" was, and she invited us into "the room" with great cordiality and politeness. "The room" was the parlor. She was an aged woman, but her head was adorned with a cloud of dark hair a girl might envy. Perhaps I should not say adorned, for her hair was not well kept. Her face had fine lines, save the mouth—and what an object the mouth can become when all the teeth are gone, and many years of snuff-dipping and smoking have set up within it a constant desire for movement! Her comfortable black dress was well besprinkled with snuff, and there was no kindly fold of white about her wrinkled throat.

"The girls are out a-ridin'," she told us, in a high-keyed, dispassionate voice. "They took a horse on a debt, and he's proved to be a mighty useful critter."

"Yes, they do putty well," she admitted, when Timo-

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theus had praised her daughters' industry in earning this little home and presenting a brave front to disaster. "They do credit to their raisin'. That's my son over there," and she indicated a faded photograph on the opposite wall. "He's dead," she said, placidly. "That's his wife beside him. She's dead. All my children are dead but Judy and Looloo. Yes, I'm tol'able proud of them. They wa'n't raised to work. We had niggers a-plenty when they was born; but sincet they was obligated to git the livin', they've whirled in right smart."

In a few moments the sisters returned, and I discovered what I am sure was at the bottom of their middle-aged youthfulness. Miss Looloo's eyes traveled from her mother's neck to a white neckerchief lying on the table in the living-room, but she did not venture to replace it upon her mother in our presence. "Ma" had the conversation entirely at her command, Miss Lamson and Miss Looloo striking in only when she plainly gave them permission to speak. It was clear that her untidiness, tobacco habit, and lack of information did not change their estimate of her position one atom. She was "ma," and that was enough. With "ma" still in power so absolute, how could they feel old? Were they not still children? If they did not count up the years quite correctly since they were born, it was the one mistake in the conduct of their lives.

"Those sisters are wonderful women," said Timotheus, as we drove homeward. "In spite of discouragements of the hardest sort, and of a lack of training that would have bluffed a man quite out of the race, they have supported themselves and their mother full twenty-five years."

"I wonder that they do not have more sympathy," I said.

"They deserve more from our church folks; but I give it up," said Timotheus, who occasionally refreshes himself by dropping into slang. "I suppose people cannot guess the real measure of their success, and because it has not risen to the point where it can throw off old clothes, and put on fine new ones, it remains something for women, who never had any harder problem to solve than concocting goodies in a full larder, to gibe at."

"You are hard upon women," I began.

"No, I am not," interrupted Timotheus, giving Bucephalus a sharp cut to encourage him out of the jog-trot which he thinks quite fast enough; "it is women who are hard upon each other, and unappreciative, because most of them do not know what it costs to earn daily bread.'

Cherry Vale

It would be delightful if, by some magic, all the school-girls who have helped to make Cherry Vale what it is could see it this September morning. All about, the leaves are rapidly changing. Goldenrod, that last torch of summer, is still burning by roadside and fence. The distant waters of the Sound still hold the blue tinge of summer, in spite of the purple haze that veils the Long Island hills. The sun's rays are so kindly that we can sit enveloped by them on the broad piazza. Indoors the curtains are only stirred by the breeze; it is one of those perfect days that make one glad to be alive—when one feels only man's humanity for man.

The broad porch at Cherry Vale gives one an impression of hospitality; its broad seats seem to say, Sit ye here and rest awhile. The open door which gives a view of the broad stairs, with the glimpse of blue sky through the broad window above the platform, with the sweep of meadow, the corn-field in the further distance, the gleam of water lost in the purple haze through the open door to the south, suggests, not the hospitality of a house only, but of the world. The library on the right seems to imprison the sunshine; the large parlor, with its open fireplace crowned by flowers; settees, chairs, tables, convenient and comfortable—all this intensifies the first impression, and verifies the consciousness that the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man is not a phrase but a working principle in the lives of men to-day.

This feeling grows stronger as one enters the sleeping-rooms, each one of which bears evidence of the labor of love by girls whose lives are protected from contact with life as the working-girl must know it. The vision that came to the visitor's mind of the dark, unventilated rooms in the city homes made the contrast so sharp for a moment as to seem almost cruel, till one remembered that "home" meant, to most of the working-girls, love of mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, friends; that this pretty room remained an ideal when its occupant had returned to work—a something toward which she might look as attainable to a degree; a vision possible in the dream of every healthy-minded girl when she thinks of that future when she shall become the home-maker.

Every advantage has its disadvantage. The Cherry Vale of last year, with its small hall and rooms, it was possible to heat and make comfortable for the winter with the money subscribed to the Working-Girls' Vacation Fund through the generosity of our readers. The enlarged Cherry Vale could not be made comfortable unless the house were heated by steam. The money to meet this expense is not at our command, and so for this winter friendly lights will not gleam through the winter evenings from Cherry Vale.

The true history of Cherry Vale will never be written; it cannot be. Who can write of blood made purer and richer till the body it nourished was able to obey the commands of the soul it housed? Who can tell of strength regained until the feet, that had forgotten how to run, no longer dreaded the flights of stairs that obstructed the way between the street and the home? Who can write of the heart that saw in wealth only an enemy, learning through Cherry Vale how it could minister, not only to its life, but to the lives of hundreds? Who can write of lifelong friendships formed through the vacation of two weeks; not expressed in invitations, but in finding better places to work, to board; learning better ways to manage money; interchanging skill; clubbing to secure pleasures and opportunities? But, best of all, who can write of the love given to unknown friends who give and receive until each feels herself the debtor? All this is the history that no pen can write.

The Vacation Fund of this year is about $850 behind the fund of last year. This is due to the financial depression that has affected the whole country—affected all churches, all charitable and philanthropic work. We make this statement to enable our readers to feel how much the work at Cherry Vale is their personal work. The house will remain open a longer or shorter period as the money sent will enable the Working-Girls' Vacation Society to keep it open.

The school-girls of the country have a field to work in that should keep their interest. There are certain things to be done before the house will be perfect, and the School-Girls' Fund is necessary to this completion. Use every effort to make the bonds stronger between you and the girl who has known only work from her first conscious hour. Remember that the working-girl whose vacation is spent at Cherry Vale learns in her baby days that wage-earning is her destiny. The dependence and freedom that are yours have never been hers. It is possible for you to make her feel your friendship, not as a finality bound by a certain year, but as a companionship following through winter's snow as well as summer's sunshine.

A Guide in Form and Color

Among the many permanent results of the World's Fair for which the country may be grateful will be the books made of collections of papers presented in many forms. These books will be the consensus of opinion of authorities in special fields. Among the number which will find grateful readers is the Distaff Series.[1] This series of

[1] Harper & Brothers, publishers.

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books is made by the gathering of papers that were scattered through newspapers and magazines. These papers would never have had a permanent place on book-shelves were it not for the Committee on Literature of the Board of Women Managers of the State of New York. In the Distaff Series no book will be more valuable than "Household Art," edited by Candace Wheeler, a writer whose literary work is well known to our readers and whose reputation in her special field of decorative art is international. In "Household Art" Mrs. Wheeler has gathered representative papers from the several departments of household art. "The Philosophy of Beauty Applied to Household Art," written by Mrs. Wheeler, is familiar to our readers. "The Development of American Homes," by Mrs. Van Rensselaer, is a scholarly paper. Mrs. Burton Harrison has written on "The Work of the Associated Artists," a paper which will be a revelation to many on the progress of applied art to textiles in this country. Mrs. Carter, the head of the Woman's Art Department of the Cooper Union Art School, presents a paper on "Wall-Papers, Ceilings, and Dadoes," which will be welcomed by hundreds of women who approach the necessary renovation of their homes with fear and trembling. The paper is thoroughly practical, and, with Miss Morse's article "About Furnishings," will be a safe guide to the untrained eye. "The Progress of American Decorative Art," by Mary Gay Humphreys, and "The Limits of Decoration," by Mrs. Runkle, with the closing paper on "Decorative and Applied Art," are valuable contributions to the literature of a subject which most men think they know well, while on few subjects is there such a mass of ignorance. It is startling, the calm assurance with which men and women take it for granted that the buying of wall-paper and the services of a man to put it on the walls, with a painter as an accessory, will result in beautiful rooms. That there are laws which must be obeyed; problems of light, size, and use to be worked out, before decisions can be reached as to the color scheme to be followed, never occurs to these fearless projectors of improvement; that the old carpet that covers the floor is the foundation fact that settles the whole scheme of decoration for them is ignored or forgotten, and the result is inartistic, if not distressing. Such a book as "Household Art," if carefully studied, would prevent the atrocities that bewilder and confuse the lover of harmony on entering many homes in this enlightened land. Decorative art is not a matter of instinct, but of training. All cannot be artists, but all but the color-blind can recognize the beautiful if they aim to understand its laws.

The Little Foresters

By Edward T. McLaughlin

In the days when strange things happened, a girl and boy were living all alone in a deep forest. Their father and mother had died, and left them to take care of themselves in the little cottage where they had been born. They found plenty to live upon, and they had no fear of not always having what they needed. If the squirrels and birds and rabbits ate nuts, berries, sweet roots, and such things, and grew fat on them, why should not they? But they were very sad, because they were all by themselves, and they were afraid they should be lonesome all their lives.

Their parents had told them that if they ever needed anything, they must go to a wise and kind old man, who lived on the top of a mountain not far from them: they could find out from him whatever they wished to know. So, after a while, when they had seen nobody for weeks (for travelers through the wood took a path that was some distance from the cottage), they got to feeling so desolate that they agreed that they had better climb up the mountain, in spite of its being steep and rocky, and ask the old man what to do. Early one morning they started out, and before noon had climbed to the very top. There they found a large cave, and, peeping in, they saw something so astonishing that they would have run back if they had not been too much frightened to move. Inside the cavern was a large rock table and a stone chair; the table was covered with enormous books, made of parchment and held together with heavy iron clasps; on the chair, bending over one of the books that looked twice as large as the rest, because it was open, sat the venerable hermit. His hair hung over his shoulders; his beard came down below his waist; both hair and beard were very thick, and as white as a snow man's. But what terrified the children most was the hermit's robe. This was dingy white, and was made of—what in the world but an enormous cobweb! At first they were afraid that the queer, wrinkled, shriveled face, with its bright eyes, was the spider of the web, peering out to catch them, as if they were flies. But before they had much time to think, the hermit saw them, and told them to come in, with such a winning voice that they loved him in an instant.

They were sorry that they had shown their fear, for the hermit looked pained, though not at all angry, and said very tenderly: "Don't be afraid of me, little ones, for I am not so hateful as I look. Cobweb robes always grow over men who live away from the world and study old books, and bright young people always half laugh and half run when they see such men close by. Our faces get wrinkled, and we look and speak oddly, but some of us keep our young hearts, and have hard work not to feel gloomy when people think them only dry dust. Now, you have come, little folks, to have me tell you how you can get over being so solitary. I have been expecting you for a long time, and when I found that you had started this morning, I opened this great book of secrets to find what I should say to you." Thereupon the gentle recluse beckoned to them, and they went to him, one on each side, and saw the strangest volume in the world. "Why, it's a picture-book with no reading!" one of them cried. But their new friend told them that the pictures were words, or, many of them, long chains of words: for this book was in that wonderful original language where every word was a definition of itself, and with slight changes in form told everything about all its possible differences of meaning. The written characters were not made by an alphabet, but were pictures of the various ideas which the word might suggest. For example, if you looked for "caterpillar," you would find not only the representation of one, but also, in little views that were worked into the main picture, a cocoon, and a butterfly on a flower, with leaves, bare twigs, and so forth, to show what the caterpillar ate, when and where it lived, and how it passed from its creeping childhood into the dull school-house of its preparation for life, and out again into the beauty and activity of its real destiny.

But most of those words could be read and translated into our diffuse and degenerate modern languages by only two or three very aged hermits, and after a few hundred years they would die, and the books would be useless.

The hermit looked carefully at several images of such ideas as pleasure, cheerfulness, contentment, and finally closed his word-album, and, laying his hands on the children's heads, spoke to them very gravely: "You have a cottage in the forest, and must live there until you die, whether you like it or not. The road which people take in passing through the wood is at some distance from you, and is over rougher ground than the old path that goes by your door. If you wish to live in happiness, you must live with others; but if you wish to have their society, you must attract them. You must open the path, my son, and make it smooth and inviting; and you, my daughter, must plant flowers along the way, where the sunlight falls through the trees; you must both make the cottage as pleasant as you can; when any people pass, you must ask them to stay with you till morning; in the evening you must play your fiddle, my boy, and your sister must use her sweet voice to entertain them. Then the travelers will enjoy being with you, and you will be happy in their love and kindness; you will always be doing something to make their journey through the forest easier and more pleasant, and will leave

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no time to be gloomy, and no reason to be gloomy, if you had time."

So the children went back to their home, and did as they had been directed. The brother opened out the old track, tugged aside every stone, put little bridges over the damp spots, and trimmed up the low-hanging branches. The sister made the loveliest flower-beds on the wayside, and about the cottage she had a little paradise of blossoms. People began to pass, and presently to stop; and the brother and sister played and sang and danced for the guests, or with them. And when the flowers were dead and the heavy winter returned, these little cottagers worked from morning to night making paths and keeping a warm fire for the chilled wayfarers. Then the long winter evenings were doubly restful and gay with fiddle and song.

Thus for years and years these two lived in the busiest activity, as cheerful and cheering as robins are in May, or roses in June. But at last they grew old.

They had always been small; the name that people had given to them at first, "the happy children," had clung to them when they were man and woman; nor did there seem to be any impropriety in the description. But now that their strength was failing, they found it harder to get through the work which they took such pleasure in. However, indoors they were more charming than ever; for though the little old man could not play quite so rapidly as he used to, and though the little old lady's voice cracked and quavered, they loved their music so tenderly, and had such genial ways of entertaining their visitors, that people would struggle through the deepest snow in the whole wood just to be able to stay with these old foresters overnight.

Sometimes, when they were alone, they would talk of the future, and end their forecastings with a long sigh that they must be less and less useful and lovable; it made them sad to think of ever renewing that almost forgotten loneliness, or, even worse, to become harsh and disagreeable as they grew infirm. Yet they did not like to think of dying; they still enjoyed so much in the bright, fragrant mornings and in the dreamy evenings; it was so delightful to think that they were not only happy themselves, but also were making life easy and melodious to the pilgrims through the wood. "If we could only keep some part of our earthly lives forever!" the bent little lady said; "if for a few weeks or months we could come back and see the cottage, and be pleasant to the passers-by!" "Ah, yes," said the bent little man, "and not have to change our music! I should never be contented to give up my fiddle for a harp, sister, at least all the time, even though I play rather squeakily; and you like singing solos too well to be only one tiny part of a great chorus voice. So let us make some wish, and then go to the hermit and see if he can tell us how to secure it."

But, after thinking day and night for several weeks, they were still unable to make up their minds what they should ask for. So they went in their uncertainty to the venerable scholar on the mountain (it was a long, slow climb for the aged "children"), and told him their story. He was as gentle as ever, and seemed quite as young as he had seemed sixty years before; though his cobweb robe was rather more dusty, and his eyes had sunk back a little deeper beneath his heavy eyebrows. Once more he turned to one of the great books, and, after thinking for some time, he gave them this answer: "You love the spring best, my daughter; you, my son, prefer autumn. Spring-heart, go home and put on your blue dress; Autumn-nights, go home and put on your tight-fitting rusty black suit. The rest, time will show. Good-by." So they went back and did as they were told, and waited. Then, one September evening, as they were sitting on the door-step, they heard two katydids quarreling with each other so angrily and for such a slight reason! The brother and sister drew closer to one another, pained and almost frightened at hearing so sad a controversy. "This bad temper makes all the forest unhappy," the old gentleman declared; so he got his fiddle and began to play, to cheer things up. The birds were gathering in some neighboring trees, preparing to start south in the morning. What a delightful contrast the music made to the katydids' wrangle! Even such birds as the crows and chippies, who had been feeling quite depressed because they had to stay in the wood during all the cold and snow that were coming, sat up to listen, and said to themselves, "Why, how much comfort there is in winter! How delightful the long evenings are, and how cozily we sit in the bushes and tell stories and toast our toes before the blazing red checkerberries!"

But while they were talking the music changed. The tune grew shorter and shorter. The old lady began to sing, but her voice had become so delicate that she scarcely recognized it; like the playing, her tune was the same short series of notes over and over again. The brother and sister looked at each other, and could hardly believe their own eyes. Each was shriveling, shriveling! Still they kept singing and playing—a sweet, brief trill of song, and a cheerful, repetitious hum of the fiddle-bow over the strings. It had grown quite dark. "Brother," said the tiny lady, "I feel a strange desire to sleep in the old apple-tree where I used to sit when I was a child." "Sister," replied the dwindled gentleman, "I wish I could creep into the chimney-place, and fiddle there until I get sleepy." They rose and laughed heartily, though the sound was faint, as they saw each other growing smaller and smaller every moment. Strangely enough, the fiddle and bow shrank away almost entirely, though the bow kept scraping cheerfully across the strings. "The happy children" put their lips together for the last kiss; their eyes smiled one more mutual encouragement; they laughed once more to think how charming a thing life is, and how they had played and sung the disagreeable katydids into silence. Then Autumn-nights went in and cuddled himself up in the chimney-corner, and kept his chirping little fiddle going, until he fell asleep; and Spring-heart somehow climbed into the old apple-tree, and laid her head under her arm and fell asleep too. And in the morning her arms were wings, and her whole length was only four or five inches, and her blue dress with light trimmings had changed into feathers, and her voice was the bluebird's song. "Ho! ho! so we have a new sister," cried the robins and thrushes and wrens and bobolinks and orioles; "she shall go with us to the South." There, during the winter, she won their love so completely that they made her the herald of the singing-birds' arrival in the North for every spring. But her brother had grown smaller still, and his close-fitting rusty black suit kept shrinking with his body, until he was only half an inch long. He kept playing his attenuated, resonant tune through the autumn evenings so contentedly that all who heard felt glad that the shortening days and lengthening nights had come again. He still loves the chimney-corner; any October night you may hear him fiddling his shrill old cricket-melody, happy—dear old man!—in being able to remind us that, if winter's cold is coming, its evening cheerfulness is coming also.

The End of the Ride

By Mary Willis

He was bewildered by the rush and rattle of the train. The trees, galloping by as if running races with the fences, added to his confusion. He looked from face to face with pathetic bewilderment, but it could not be explained to him, for he could not understand. Suddenly, just as he was settling down in the seat, not because he understood what the noise and rattle meant, but because he had faith in his friends, the train stopped with a bang and a rattle. The children grabbed bundles and bags in wild confusion. Johnny grabbed Katy's bag, while Harold took Jim's racket. May took Louise's shawl-strapped bundle, while Louise picked up Sky so that his head came out back of her elbow, and never discovered her mistake until his woeful bark caused her to look down after she reached the platform of the station. You may be sure that Sky did not have to bark the second time. His head and tail were placed in their right relation. If the noise on the train bewildered Sky, it was worse now. The children fell over

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trunks, banged against boxes; Mr. Jones frowned so that Mrs. Jones hardly dared express an opinion, if she had one, which is doubtful, as she firmly believed that one or more of the children meant to be ground under the wheels of the cars before she could get them into the mountain-wagon. But no tragedy occurred. After many changes and protests and readjustments, the whip cracked, the wagon creaked and moved, and the Jones family were off in earnest for their summer vacation in the woods.

Over stones, down into ruts, now on the edge of a precipice, now between two high walls, the wagon moved. Poor Sky! never had he been thrown about, tumbled, and tossed as now. What was the world coming to? At first the children laughed, but after a time it did not amuse them to be thrown against the back of the seat and then pitched forward until they instinctively protected their small noses from the back of the seat in front, while they served for cushions for each other when thrown from side to side—which, I am very sorry to say, led to many complaints, and to so many cross words that Sky must have thought a change of air had made sad havoc with the dispositions of his young friends, and wished himself at home.

But the longest journey must have an end, and so did this one. Just at sunset the wagon stopped in front of the big, rambling cottage, and Sky and his companions were again in a state of wild confusion trying to get settled in their new rooms.

But the next day a new world was waiting for Sky. What was this lovely green carpet that was spread all about, making walking a delight and running a pleasure, it was so cool and soft to the feet? And those great big queer umbrellas that stood all about, some being so close together that you could not tell one from the other, making a much more delightful shade than any umbrella Sky had ever seen! And bouquets! Sky never saw such bouquets. They stretched all along the fences in some places, at others just covered the ground under the big umbrellas, and sometimes decorated the roadside. Sky was puzzled. At home when the children touched the bouquets they were punished, but here no one rebuked them when they brought in great handfuls of flowers.

Then there were great horned creatures, that filled Sky with terror, and who stood inside of the fences and looked unutterable things. At first Sky could feel himself grow small when, by chance having forgotten them, he would creep into the fields where they were. But one evening he went into the barnyard hunting for Harry, and there stood those awful creatures with a man sitting beside one of them in the coziest way. "Shish, whish," was the sound Sky heard. He was too frightened to move, and so was forced to see the white stream flowing into the bright tin pail. He knew it at once. Milk! Why, this was Sky's best friend of whom he had been afraid; the one who gave him the food he loved best.

You see, Sky was a city dog. He had never been in the country before. As he grew accustomed to the big fields, the strange sights and sounds, he was willing to follow the children away from the house, and even became familiar with the cows.

When at last it was time for the family to go home, Sky rebelled as much as the children against taking his airing either from the window of the apartment-house watching the trains on the elevated road, or trotting up and down the sidewalk tied to Louise or Harry by a string. When he fell asleep in the chair, he was always under the big umbrellas resting on the soft, cool green carpet—for you can go anywhere in your dreams.

The charities of life are scattered everywhere, enameling the vales of human beings, as the flowers paint the meadows. They are not the fruit of study, nor the privilege of refinement, but a natural instinct.—*George Bancroft.*

Just in proportion as a man becomes good, divine, Christlike, he passes out of the region of theorizing, of system-building, and hireling service, into the region of beneficent activities. It is well to think well. It is divine to act well.—*Horace Mann.*

Sunday Afternoon

The New Theology and Man

By the Rev. E. G. Updike[1]

And God said, Let us make man in our own image.—Genesis i., 26.

The most significant fact, not including God, of which we have any knowledge is man. If theology is to be reconstructed, it should be largely with reference to his rights and privileges and duties. It has been the custom to formulate theological statements with but little reference to man. When completed, they were supposed to be for his benefit, but he was the one factor left out. Religion has been considered almost exclusively on its divine side. God has been thought of as having no obligations to man.

Theology is not only the science of God's character and attributes, but of his relation to humanity.

There are many points where extreme dogmatism and atheism are alike in method. The dogmatist considers only the supernatural, the atheist only the natural. The dogmatist considers only God, the atheist only man. Both are alike dangerous and unphilosophical. You can know a part only as you consider its relation to the whole. You can understand a clause only as you know the whole sentence, and perhaps the page and chapter. You can understand the planets only as you know the system with which they are connected. So you can understand the true theology only as you know the whole field which it is to cover.

The theologians of the Middle Ages treated ethics as subordinate to dogmatics. "The natural graces according to Plato and Aristotle were clumsily joined to the supernatural graces according to Thomas Aquinas." Consequently, mediæval ethics was based on dualism. Casuistry drew up a series of arbitrary rules that were neither scientific nor moral. The conclusion was reached that there might be such a thing as supermoral merit. The old theology did not always understand that the relations between God and man were essentially ethical, and that nothing could abide as true in theology which did not prove its genuineness under the searching gaze of Christian moral sense. The best scholarship is demanding to-day of every dogma that before its acceptance it must bring credentials of good moral standing. Theology is being reconstructed on the basis of ethics, and man is coming to occupy a much more significant place.

In nothing does our age differ from the past so much as in the prominence given to man. I do not mean that all philosophy is merely utilitarian, but I do mean that there is not a problem in politics, in sociology, in philanthropy, in education, in moral reform, in religion, in theology, but the one great factor to be considered is man. We are not becoming inflated with self-conceit, but we are demanding that human life shall be taken for what it is worth. Until this is done God himself cannot be understood.

No one will question the awful gloom that has rested upon humanity for so many centuries. Ideas of human nature have been entertained that were morbid and ghastly. As a result, man has come to think of himself as having little worth. There are two ways by which you may paralyze human activity. We have found in philanthropy that if you help the dependent classes too much you destroy all incentive to work. If you surround them with industrial conditions where there is no hope of anything but drudgery and starvation, then you paralyze activity. So, in theology, you can destroy all dependence on God, and make man arrogant and foolish, or you can represent God so far away, so arbitrary, so awful, and man so debased, so insignificant, so utterly depraved, that he will come to think of himself as having no rights or possibilities worth considering.

The doctrine of the Divine Sovereignty is most essential when properly held, but when it is inflated till it fills the whole universe, and man has not even a standing-place, then it becomes as dangerous a heresy as ever found ex-

[1] Pastor First Congregational Church, Madison, Wis.

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pression. The extreme views of this doctrine are responsible for much of the contempt that has been heaped upon human nature. There have been great periods when this thought was dominant. God was everything. He had no obligations. The Church had only a place for executing the divine decrees, and getting man, in some arbitrary way, out of hell into heaven. The world had no meaning. Every interest was centered in the future. The Church did not stand related to great ethical movements. There were no possibilities in human nature worth considering. Human life was as cheap as water. Blood flowed as the rills down the mountain-sides. The persecutions, the burnings, the tortures, the inquisitions, the thousands and hundreds of thousands slain, all show that man, as man, was about the most contemptible being on the face of the earth. We treat our dogs and horses with more consideration than humanity has been treated in some periods of history. There is not a civilized nation of Europe that has not had a blemish of this kind on its record. It is not two hundred years since there were nearly three hundred offenses in England for which men could be capitally punished. Burke said you could secure the passage of any law in the House of Commons if the death penalty were the punishment for its violation. If a man killed a rabbit, if he appeared in disguise on the street, if he did the slightest damage to London Bridge, he could be put to death. With such an estimate of human life there could not be philanthropy or regard for the sufferings of the dependent classes.

This low view of man cannot be attributed wholly to false theological ideas. But since the days of Augustine, to a greater or less extent, the dogma has been prominent that would foster and intensify just such debasing views. Let the idea become dominant in man's mind that he has lost his will by the fall of humanity in that one hour of probation at the beginning of the race, that he actually carries about with him the guilt of his progenitor, that God is arbitrary, saving whom he pleases without regard to merit—I say, let that idea become dominant, and you can blast and wither and damn humanity this side the grave. Edwards was about the only great thinker who has dared to face the logical consequences which the denial of personal freedom involved. He did not reach this view by a study of human consciousness, or by extended observation. It was an abstract conclusion deduced from the abstract principle that the human will could not exist in a state of indifference or equilibrium. This pointed to a self-determining power. This conceded, God was left at the mercy of man, and could not have decreed all things from eternity. So the assumption is deliberately made of a will determined to evil from birth. And then follow the awful consequences. This world is the scene of a universal tragedy. Neither Dante nor Milton paints a picture so full of horrors. Such is the enmity of man that he would kill God if he could. At last the hatred becomes mutual. All pity and love and mercy are removed, and the soul "becomes indeed a viper spitting poison at God and venting rage and malice in fearful blasphemies."

Low views of God must result logically in low views of man. If human nature is what it has sometimes been painted, not only naturally and totally, but diabolically, depraved, it is because God has been so imperfectly represented to us, creating men without a choice of salvation, and "sweeping them down as so many dead flies" into perdition.

Man will not worship cruelty. He will not worship the devil even though he comes dressed in the robes of divinity. He will worship love, and will become like the object of his devotion. We are scarcely yet emancipated from the awful gloom which such unhealthy views of human nature have caused to linger with us. The great dramatist caught something of the spirit of the age when he said:

> To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
> Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
> To the last syllable of recorded time;
> And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
> The way to dusty death. . . .
> Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
> And then is heard no more: it is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing.

This is bad philosophy, and is not the usual tone of literature. For literature has frequently outrun theology in its conception of man, and has been one of the chief agents in forcing a reconstruction on an ethical basis.

Our hymns, most of them, are the product of an earlier period. This generation has not written many hymns of universal acceptance, and perhaps not many more are needed of a purely devotional character. The hymnology of a Church is supposed to contain the essence of its theology. The best collections of hymns are found to be strong on the devotional side, strong in expressions of loyalty and of reverence, but conspicuously weak on the human side. We have in the language but few popular hymns in which the burning enthusiasm for humanity is made prominent, which was such a characteristic of the Master. Consider the pronouns in use. They are *I* and *my*, *me* and *mine*, and *thou* and *thine*, with scarcely an indication that there are any interests in the universe except those that pertain to God and the individual. Canon Fremantle says that the Psalms contain less of artificial religion than most of our hymns. There is in the Psalms a sturdy ethical, altruistic quality growing out of human relations not to be found in these other productions. I am sure no one would take away a particle of the glory that belongs to God. Paul did not when he wrote the immortal thirteenth of Corinthians. So I should like the next person who is to write a hymn that is to live forever, to bring music and verse together in such complete harmony as in "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and then make it a fitting expression of "the love that suffereth long and is kind, that is not easily provoked, that thinketh no evil, that beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

The marvelous growth of the Christian Endeavor movement has suggested certain dangers. It has reached a point where it must begin to die unless it gives itself, body and soul, to some grand practical crusade. The pledge relates almost wholly to devotional requirements. It is a promise to read the Bible, to pray, to attend and take part in meetings—matters of very great importance, but not the whole of Christian duty. From a most respectable source comes the appeal for all young people to face the matter squarely. "An organization for the nurture of personal piety has no abiding root. Spiritual athletes cannot go on forever getting up muscle. What are gymnastics good for if they remain forever gymnastics? Wanted—a crusade! Something objective, something all-enlisting, something to set souls on fire with indignation and resolve."

The very suggestion of such a danger indicates the reconstruction of old ideals. We are nearer the Christ-conception of man than ever before. Christ was not dogmatic. He was always ethical. He said little about the future; he said much about the present. He emphasized and re-emphasized love in all its forms. He said, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. He said, He that would be great among you, let him be your minister; I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly. He was dominated everywhere and on all occasions by a masterful enthusiasm for humanity, a passion that literally consumed him at the last.

Now we are finding that we cannot understand even what salvation is until we know man. Salvation is deliverance from danger of some kind. But you must know what the soul is in its essential qualities before you can say what will harm it. What salvation means is not determined primarily by creeds or by Scripture, but by the facts of our own nature and condition. In the light of this modern study of man, we can now see that all the persecutions of the past could not touch an essential quality in him. Even God does not confer salvation from without. It comes or is refused as a matter of deliberate, personal choice. Man becomes the arbiter of his own destiny. Heaven and hell are within. There can be no salvation except in character. The cross means nothing as a condi-

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tion of salvation till in some way its matchless love touches the heart of the individual, reconciling it to God, and thus paves the way for character. The arbitrary elements are all eliminated, and salvation by Christ is as natural as salvation by a mother's love.

A new meaning has been given to man in the discovery that the law by which he is governed is within and not without. The State cannot legislate for the heart, or for man as a spiritual being. All its laws are external. There are some laws that inhere in the nature of things. There are laws of music. The hymns we sing, and the organ we use, have been made with reference to these laws. There are laws of art, of oratory, of architecture, which no legislature has made and no court can repeal. So the law of righteousness is within a man. Neither church nor Bible created it. It is written in the soul, as the law of gravitation is wrought into the structure of worlds and systems. Before Moses received the law on tables of stone, God had written it in human hearts and consciences. Before Christ delivered the Sermon on the Mount, its great precepts had found expression in the nature of things, of which even the Bible is but an imperfect copy. The voice that speaks *to* man is the voice that speaks *in* him. Such a view of man will protect him; will make implements of torture an impossibility; will discriminate between what is essential and what is circumstantial.

The question of authority as now viewed gives new dignity to man. When you think of authority as something external to the soul, operating upon it in a mechanical way, forcing the mind to conclusions in violation of its own laws and by the destruction of its own integrity, you do the greatest damage to man. For generations, however, truth has come to men in this way. It has come from without, with no assimilation or digestion—sustaining no more relation to character than the clothes worn on the body.

You cannot lift a section of the skull and put truth into the brain in solid chunks. The soul must be its own criterion of truth.

When you think of man with the power of spiritual insight, and when you say that no truth can come to him with authority, no matter what its claims of inspiration, until he has thus verified it, then again you clothe him with honor, and make him a being worthy of salvation.

It has remained for this age to speak of man as supernatural. Certainly he is not held down to the plane of the natural. He uses nature to do what he wishes done, and she becomes his servant. He weaves, he sows, he reaps, he writes books, he makes steam-engines, he is a supernatural being, differing only in degree from his Master in the use of the natural.

And why may we not speak of him as divine? Who will draw the line between the human and the divine in any soul made in the image of God? A perfect humanity is divine. Man is not God, any more than a cubic foot of atmosphere is the great ocean of air surrounding the globe. But every breath of air brings with it the nature of the whole. Man comes from God, and comes with the impress of the divine nature upon him. He becomes a partaker of that nature. God, in permitting this, does not impoverish himself of his own infinitude. He but reveals the possibilities of an infinite wealth in us. "Now are we the sons of God. It doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is."

And I rejoice that we are not to think of the Incarnation simply as a historic fact of the past. For a great while the only Christ known to the Church was the historic Christ. The essential Christ had not been found. But we have found him, and his continued presence in the world is assured. We have in this fact a token that, as God was in Christ, so every true life is to be an incarnation of the divine idea. The Incarnation is to be perpetual. The humblest child that carries the spirit of Christ has been lifted to the dignity of manifesting God to men.

These larger views of God and man have had reciprocal influence. Ethics and theology are inseparable. The new ethics and the new theology have helped to make each other.

Wonderful changes are taking place. Never was the spirit of altruism so much alive as to-day. Never was there so much done in reforms, in charities, in philanthropies, in education, in politics, in religion. We stand at the dawn of the greatest period in history. But what responsibilities come with this new truth! A reconstructed theology must not concern itself simply with its own glory, or in seeking to discover some other new thing. The world must be redeemed in accordance with this truth. He who entertains the new theology and is not a reformer belies his profession. The business of to-day is not money-making, but man-making, and money-making only as it will lead to man-making.

This new conception of man will enlarge the mission of the church. It cannot remain satisfied with devotion, but will add to devotion service.

The true church will not remain identical with the worshiping body, but will draw constantly enlarging concentric circles about itself until they embrace the family, with its meals as sacraments and its life a divine service; until they include the schools and universities, with every true teacher a minister and every longing for truth a prayer; until the whole social system is inspired with Christian principle, its meetings a religious fellowship, its whole conduct a service of God; until the great, throbbing industrial and business world is embraced, with every commodity as a sacrament and every article of production a service to humanity; until the nations and the whole world are included—the nearest approach within our reach to the kingdom of heaven, where every ruler is a servant of God, and every function of government an instrument for mutual service to men.

Justification by Faith[1]

By Lyman Abbott

In the first half of this chapter (verses 1–11) Paul embodies the Pauline interpretation of suffering; it is in one word—redemption. The end of suffering in the individual is discipline. It works out patience, or the spirit of endurance; and endurance makes proof of character, and character so tried and proved affords a basis for a hope that is not illusive and will not make ashamed. All this, the reader observes, presupposes faith, a spiritual perception of the value of righteousness as the end of life, God dwelling in the soul as the power that makes for righteousness, Christ as the manifestation of God as Personal Love.

But suffering is not merely a personal discipline; it is not merely the method by which the individual sufferer is redeemed; it is also the spiritual force or power by which one soul redeems another. Suffering borne by one for his own spiritual development is discipline; suffering borne by one for the sake of the spiritual development of another is sacrifice. And the end of sacrifice, as of discipline, is spiritual development, character, righteousness, oneness with God. In interpreting Paul's doctrine of sacrifice, the reader must keep continually in mind that to Paul the only real evil is sin, not suffering; that the end of forgiveness is the remission of sin, not of penalty; and that, accordingly, the end of sacrifice, as of discipline, is deliverance from sin, not from punishment. In this Paul teaches nothing new; he simply reiterates what was the doctrine of the Old Testament prophets and of the Four Gospels. Fundamental to any true apprehension of Paul's doctrine of sacrificial suffering is the recognition of the twofold fact that the end of forgiveness is not primarily the remission of punishment but the remission of sins, and that Christ suffered, not to let us off from penalty, but to emancipate us from sin. Thou shalt call his name Jesus, said the angel, for he shall save his people from their sins. The Lord hath laid on him, says Isaiah, the iniquity of us all. He is the Lamb of God, says John, which taketh away the sin of the world. The blood of the New Testament, says Christ, is shed for many for the remission of

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for October 15, 1893.—Romans v., 1–11. Taken from the author's Commentary on Romans.

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sins.[1] When, in these and kindred passages, we substitute punishment for sin, when we suppose that he is called Jesus because he saves his people from their punishment, that the Lord laid on him the punishment of us all, that he is the Lamb of God that bears the punishment of the world, that his blood is shed for the remission of punishment, we take out of the Bible what it does say, and put into it what it does not say. The Gospel does not promise deliverance from all punishment; it does promise deliverance from all sin. It thus meets our highest and holiest aspirations. For what, in our higher moments, we dread is not punishment but sin; what we desire is not deliverance from punishment but deliverance from sin. There is no father nor mother that, looking out into life, does not fear for son and daughter sin far more than suffering; no patriot who does not dread national degradation more than national crucifixion; no church member who would not welcome pain and obloquy in the church rather than apostasy and spiritual death.

Now, this deliverance of the world and this deliverance of each individual from the power and the dominion of sin is wrought, not primarily and chiefly through intellectual apprehension of truth, not primarily by the example and the life of another; it is wrought by sacrifice, wrought by suffering. The cup which Christ passed to his disciples is the cup of his *blood;* and although it is true that this figure of blood has been materialized, and so made odious and revolting to the imagination, yet it is also true that every spiritual teaching of the Bible has at times been materialized, and, when materialized, made odious. The truth is not to be rejected because it has been degraded. There is no possible way by which one can save another except by pouring something of one's own personality and experience into the vacant soul, reaching out the real hand that has the tremulousness of sympathy in it to uplift the one that is below. All redemption, all uplifting, is but this pouring out of one life into another life; and there is only one door that allows it —the door of suffering. Forgiveness of sins, if it merely means remission of penalty, perhaps might be achieved without a sacrifice. But if forgiveness of sins means really delivering another from his sin, that never can be accomplished without pain. When the nation has given itself over to believe a lie, to write liberty on its banners and slavery on human lives, death is inevitable if there be not found men and women who are willing to pour out their lives that they may preserve it from death and redeem it from sin. When the Church is threatened with apostasy, endangered, corrupted, and degraded, there is no hope for it through painless preaching. It lives only as there are men who are willing to pour their lives out into the Church and for the Church. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. No redemption is possible without suffering. The Superintendent of the Inebriate Asylum at Binghamton, N. Y., bore testimony to this truth when he said: "Some men are sent here under compulsion—almost driven here by their friends—and no such man is ever cured. No man ever has gone from this asylum cured of his inebriacy unless there was some one—a sister, a mother, a wife, a maiden—who prayed for him, hoped for him, and wept for him, at home." The great redemptive power in life is the power of a suffering heart. No church can be lifted up into a higher plane except by a prophet who feels in his soul the pain, the shame, the humiliation, of all that is false and evil in the church. No child was ever saved by an unsuffering mother; no nation by unsuffering patriots; no church by an unsuffering pastor; and, we say it reverently, the world could not be saved by an unsuffering God. He might take off the penalty; he might let us off; but he cannot pour his own life into us, so as to make us in very truth sons of God, unless he pours himself into us through a wounded, riven, broken heart. The angel that redeems Peter must go into the prison that he may lead Peter out. The crucifixion was not an accident, an incident, an occasion; it was not something artificial, wrought by God for an artificial end; it was in the very nature of the case that the race could not be saved by a Redeemer who did not go down into the race, share its experiences, know its life, feel pressed by the burden of its degradation.

But can God suffer? Rather ask, can God be love and not suffer? Can love look on the sins and sufferings of its loved ones and not suffer? God is the great, the infinite, the eternal Lover; and all the elements that enter into the human experience of love are but the hints of the great tides of emotion that beat and throb in the heart of God. A soul without the power of love would be like an instrument on which no minor chord could be played. The violoncello is the sweetest instrument of the orchestra because there is most pathos in it. That love is sweetest, divinest, in which there is greatest power of suffering with and for another. We are so selfish; and yet surely we do know that sorrow and blessedness are not antagonistic; that they are not contraries; that the highest bliss is the bliss of great tears. If God should say to us, "I will take from your heart the power of pain, and from your eyes all future tears; you shall look on the sorrows of others and not feel them; you shall recognize humanity's heart-throb, and your heart shall not throb; you shall behold life's woes, and your eye shall glisten with no tear and your heart shall feel no pain," who would not, with clasped hands, cry out to God, "Oh! give me back the blessedness of tears!" Every experience of pain with and for another is one round in the ladder whereby we climb up to the heart of a suffering God. The atonement is not a contrivance by which, through the pain or sacrifice of a third party, God and man are reconciled. In all the dismal history of human thinking nothing is more dismal than this, in all the spiritual degradation of mankind no evidence of degradation more terrible than this: that we have taken the truth that God is a God of suffering love, and have turned it into the falsehood that he can be induced to forgive his children only by the suffering love of Another. The Lamb that was slain was slain from the foundation of the world. From the day when sin first entered into the world the pain and blessedness of sacrifice entered into the heart of God, and in the heart of God it will abide until He whose manifestation was in Christ the Lord shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied. The end of sacrifice is deliverance from sin. This truth, opened briefly in the first part of this chapter, is more fully developed as the personal and spiritual experience of the Apostle in the eighth chapter.

The student of this chapter should note one interesting and significant fact—this, namely: that the word "atonement," about which there has been so much theological battling, occurs in the New Testament only in this chapter, and here it is rendered in the New Version, more accurately, "reconciliation."

We are reconciled to God when we are sorry for our wrong-doing and desire to begin a life of righteousness, for he is always sorry for our wrong-doing, and always desirous to help us in the way of righteousness. When, therefore, we share his sorrow and his desire we are reconciled unto him, and this at-one-ment or reconciliation is made through Jesus Christ because through Jesus Christ is revealed the eternal fact of God's suffering love for sinners.

Christian Endeavor Topics, Daily Readings: October 16—Live in peace (2 Cor. xiii., 9–14); October 17—Live as brethren (1 Pet. iii., 8–12); October 18—Love one anotner (1 John iii., 11–22); October 19—Follow after peace (Rom. xiv., 19–23); October 20—Be like minded (Rom. xv., 5–13); October 21—Think of others (Phil. ii., 2–5); October 22—Topic: Christian courtesy (Rom. xii., 10–16; Phil. ii., 2–5).

Act! The wise are known by their actions; fame and immortality are ever their attendants. Mark with deeds the vanishing traces of swift-rolling time. Let us make happy the circle around us—be useful as much as we may. For that fills up with soft rapture, that dissolves the dark clouds of the day.—*Salis.*

[1] Matt. i., 21; Isaiah liii., 6; John i., 29; Matt. xxvi., 28.

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The Religious World

The World's Parliament of Religions

From our Special Correspondent

The relations of the ethnic religions to Christianity are, in every phase of these meetings at Chicago, forced more and more into prominence, as the strong personalities of the men who represent Brahmanism, Buddhism, Confucianism, Shintoism, press themselves upon the listening thousands; their seriousness, earnestness, devoutness, and spirituality, as they sit side by side with Greek, Anglican, German, and American Churchmen, preclude the thought that their religions are ancient shades which will fall or melt into mist as the triumphant light of Christianity shines through them. The representatives of the Hindu cults, in particular, are no men of straw, and through their eyes Christians have looked, many perhaps for the first time, into the depths of religions which for thousands of years have not only occupied the minds of philosophers, but have formed the ethical codes and directed the Godward aspirations of millions and millions of human beings. What attitude shall Christianity assume toward these religions? how shall it readjust itself to the needs of these great peoples? These questions have been prominent in the minds and words of a large number of the most eloquent of our speakers. Christianity has been severely criticised by the representatives of such religions. Such criticism has been humbly received by Christians, because, strange as it seems, Christ and Christianity are quite separate in the minds of these representatives of alien faiths: the former is admired, respected, loved, almost worshiped, by certain of the religious cults; the latter, Christianity, as seen by these men is a mixture of greed, aggressiveness, bigotry, alien and even vicious customs, and vices which the leaders of the native faiths dread to see intrenched in the moral life of their peoples.

Rather than quotations too manifold for the space at our disposal, let us give a brief sketch of a scene on the platform of this tolerant Parliament of Religions. It is morning, and the vast congregation rises to join in the universal prayer. To the left of Dr. Barrows, the Presbyterian divine to whose faith and courage the world owes this Parliament, stands the Greek Archbishop, who is an enthusiastic participant in the exercises; there is Dharmapala, the Buddhist, with head reverently bowed, and the Japanese Shintoists and Buddhists, and the superb Hindu priest of Brahma, Vivakananda, and the Jainist, Hinduist, and the eloquent Mozoomdar and other reformers of the Brahmo-Somaj, and Jews and Africans, Syrians and Armenians, with representatives of every Christian sect. All rise in reverence, joining in the Lord's Prayer with bowed heads and recognition of a common fatherhood in God. All are brothers before Him. The Roman bishop, or perhaps the Greek, gives benedictions on the proceedings of the day; later the hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," written by a Unitarian, unites in praise the men of so many races and colors. The subject of Christian work in India calls Vivakananda, in his brilliant priestly orange, to his feet. He criticises the work of Christian missions. It is evident that he has not tried to understand Christianity, but neither, as he claims, have its priests made any effort to understand *his* religion, with its ingrained faiths and race-prejudices of thousands of years' standing. They have simply come, in his view, to throw scorn on his most sacred beliefs, and to undermine the morals and spirituality of the people he has been set to teach. Narasima, the next Brahmin, graduate of a Christian college, familiar with Christian theology, yet still Brahmin, tells how repugnant such customs as the eating of animal food and the intermarriage between castes is to him, and how the impression has gone abroad among his people that to become carnivorous and to violate the moralities and sanctities of the family life of the Hindu are necessary preliminaries to Christian baptism. Dharmapala, gentlest of men, almost Christian in his reverence for Christ, but a Buddhist priest, pleads for the appreciation of all that is good in the native faiths by Christian missionaries, and puts plainly before the Conference the fact that the mistaken bigotry and intolerance of Christian missionaries has not only hindered the spread of Christianity, but did not represent to the natives the gentle and lowly Jesus. Mozoomdar, from his half-way house between the ancient faiths of the East and Christianity, puts in his plea for assimilation, rather than iconoclasm, in dealing with the ethnic religions, as they are met by missionaries at the threshold of their work of conversion. From the Japanese, with their eager desire to adopt foreign customs, and their less pronounced national sentiment, come cries of a different character. They are seeking, one and all, to get out of the confusion induced by so many conflicting Christian sects, and, in the stillness of their own hearts, to commune with God and learn what the Christianity of Jesus Christ really was. From all over Japan came this message for union among Christians; at least for such unity of missionary Christianity as should keep the results of Western divisions and ancient schisms, seams, and scars out of the sunlight of the incoming races of the world, who long to see the "Light of the World" through lenses unclouded by the race-prejudices or the historic battles and victories of other nations or other climes.

Here, then, before the platform of the Parliament, on this, in one sense, culminating day of its sessions, sat thousands of Christians meekly listening to the criticisms of priests and teachers of alien systems of ethics and religions. That all should join in vigorous condemnation of such horrors as the rum and opium traffic, as the foreigners urged the responsibility of Christian nations for these abominations, was to be expected; that such criticism of their chosen missionaries and representatives from members of heathen cults should be so fairly received by a Christian audience, constituted largely of the clergy, marked, we dare to think, an epoch in the history of the conversion of the world. The two main lines of reform on which Christianity must move in its progress toward the conversion of the world had been clearly set before the Congress by members of the representative race-faiths; they were, the study of comparative religions, and the unity of Christian sects into one undivided, visible, conquering Christian Church. From Japan the cry had almost risen to the climax of "Hands off! Let us alone to find our Christ and develop without your help a united National Japanese Church."

It seemed the event of the Congress when the Rev. George T. Candlin, an English missionary to China, arose and delivered the message which he had come nine thousand miles to give, correcting such representations of the foreign speakers as might be supposed to reflect on Christian missionaries, and speaking enthusiastically of their devotion, earnestness, enthusiasm, and Christly spirit; he yet firmly maintained the necessary revolution of missionary methods. He believed the Parliament ought to result in the bringing about of such union between different churches as now exists between members of the same church, and, as a step to establishing such relations, between the Christian religions and non-Christian faiths such relations of toleration, mutual respect, and love as now exist between Christian church and Christian church. The missionaries of the world are far in advance of the churches at home in sentiment on this question. They realize that the conversion of the world and the union of Christians must go together; the present missionary problem is, "Given a Christendom of religious sects, wrangling about minor points of doctrine, to produce a universal harmony from their united action." No individual church adequately represents, nor can the whole taken indiscriminately adequately represent, until they shall be united in one, what Christianity means. "The Christian workers all around the globe are looking toward this Parliament for encouragement in missionary work, and if it does not commit itself unreservedly to the principle that the communication of Christianity is of priceless value to the world, it will turn its back on Jesus Christ. We shall never falter in the belief that our religion must be given freely, unreservedly, with royal bounty, to all the sons of men. Yet what we claim for ourselves we concede to others. We say to each of the ten great religions here represented, 'Live for your religion, work for it, pray for it. We will not hinder you. If you have any religious beliefs of value to us, we want them. The meaning of Christianity from a missionary point of view is infinite desire to give and infinite willingness to receive.'"

The world's religious debt to Asia, to its spirituality, its devotional spirit, to the purer of its ethical codes, was brought out by many speakers, and it was earnestly set forth that Christians should learn all that is best in the teachings of the great prophets of the East, and, so learning only, be prepared to teach the full and perfect revelation of God in Christ, meeting the learned disciple of Buddha or Confucius on such plane of ethical and spiritual development as his religion has placed him on, and leading him to the higher places in Christ Jesus—to carry him on through his many avatars and revelations of good to the true incarnation, the revelation of God in Christ.

Another division of this subject was the consideration of points of contact and contrast between the ethnic and Christian religions. The Rev. R. A. Hume, of New Haven, a native of the East, took the lead here, showing the introspective and imaginative character of Eastern thought and its craving for comprehensive unity in contrast with the practical and logical character of the Western mind and its passion for external and historical fact. The contrast between Christian and Eastern thought appears prominently in the thought of God's relation to sin and sinner, for according to most Eastern cults there is no sin, nor sinner, nor Saviour: sin is a matter of fate, and salvation, in its popular form, getting out of trouble into some safe place; in its

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philosophical, a passing from the ignorance and illusion of conscious existence, through unconsciousness into the infinite. Yet both Christian and Eastern thinkers recognize an infinite Being dwelling in every part of the universe and ever revealing himself. Both teach that the universe is a unit, and that all things come under the universal laws of the infinite.

The question of Christian union, which from the first was one of the largest issues of the Parliament, grew in distinctness until it became the dominating enthusiasm of the hours as they passed. What was, in the opinion of many, the great paper of the session, "Religious Unity and Missions," by the Rev. George T. Candlin, of Tientsin, China, and "The Anglican Church in its Relation to Civil and Religious Liberty and its Claim as a Promoter of Reunion among Christ's Peoples," by Dr. Thomas Richey, of New York, succeeded one another, and prepared the way for Dr. Philip Schaff's address on the Reunion of Christendom. The latter gave an impartial, sympathetic, and historic review of each Christian Church and denomination, and showed its place, as emphasizing some form of Christian thought or needed element of government or worship, and finished with a statement of the larger and newer thought wherein the universal Church is more than the local. It was another of the historic moments of the Parliament, this day of longing for Christian unity, for the presence of so many representatives of alien religions facing the Christian speakers forced upon the Christian mind as never before the essential necessity for the fulfillment of the high priestly prayer of Jesus. It was felt that it must be answered, that all Christians must be "one" before the unconverted world could know that God had sent Him to be the Saviour of mankind. We can only mention with sympathy the tender, manly, affectionate appeal made by Bishop Keane, of the Catholic University at Washington, for reunion along the lines of historic Catholicity; if his thought sees that historic line only as coterminous with the Roman branch of the great Catholic communion, he still struck a firm note of possible reunion, which, with waning prejudices on both sides, taken with the participation in this Parliament of Greek prelates and the well-known messages of the great Protestant-Catholic Anglican communion on this point, gives room for hope that Catholic and Protestant bodies will be ready for the great reunion which means, in the opinion of so many, the complete conquest of the world for Christ.

Leaving the results of the Parliament for future review, we note in closing the representation of one ethnic religion which had no man to set forth its claims in this great gathering of the religious faiths of the earth. It was not because the American Indian had no faith, nor that his position as the first element, chronologically, of the American Nation was overlooked. All efforts failed to secure his presence; but in this case an "absent" Indian proved the best kind of an Indian, for no Indian, living or dead, could have set forth so sympathetically, in gentleness, love, and reverence, the features of the primitive religions of the red men of America as did Miss Alice Fletcher, who has devoted her life to the study of their relics and the service of their peoples.

The Missionary Crisis in Turkey

A recent letter from an American missionary in Turkey expresses the fear lest the Board, at its approaching annual meeting, "may think it more important to settle the question whether Mr. Noyes should be appointed to its service in Japan, than to save a mission or two from destruction." The remark expresses the foreboding which the present policy of the Turkish Government has caused among our missionaries in that part of the world, that the work to which more than half a century of labor and many valuable lives have been given is doomed to extinction, unless our Government intervene to secure the rights of our citizens, as established both by treaty and by immemorial usage.

Since 1884, the policy of toleration and of favor to educational work, which the Turkish Government had till then pursued, and had affirmed by edicts and declarations, as in 1856 and 1878, has been quite set aside, and a repressive and persecuting policy akin to that of Russia, if not inspired, as is believed, by Russia, has taken its place.[1] From time to time anecdotes have crept into the papers about this. A text-book on chemistry is interdicted, lest the symbol H_2O (denoting water) should encourage some one to think, "Hamid II. [the present Sultan] is a cipher"! Teachers in the Christian schools and colleges now find themselves deprived of their necessary apparatus of books on history, ethics, political economy, psychology, etc. Even an encyclopædia is a dangerous thing for a Turkish subject to possess. An Armenian is not safe from arrest for possessing even the ancient classics of his own literature. Sermons which inculcate resistance to sin are suspected as inciting rebellion. Time would fail to enumerate details. It is enough to say that our countrymen who have spent their lives in Turkey in self-denying work are of one mind in regarding the policy of recent years as aiming at nothing less than the extinction of the growing light of intelligence among the Christian subjects of the Sultan, and the banishing of our missionaries from the land, where the rights they have hitherto enjoyed are guaranteed not only by treaty, but by that established usage which, as the Hon. T. F. Bayard asserted, amounts to the force of law.

Just now Dr. George F. Herrick, of Anatolia College, Marsovan (partially destroyed early in the year by a mob), is in England. Our Government secured indemnity for the damage, but Dr. Herrick is forbidden to return to his work, although Turkey has had no truer friend or more law-abiding resident than he has been for the thirty years he has labored there. The course pursued toward him is believed to be meditated toward others. The gravity of the situation is not appreciated among us as it deserves to be. The situation has but one redeeming feature. The Turks have great respect for whoever is both strong and in earnest. When Admiral Farragut visited Constantinople with his squadron, his simple inquiry, "When are you going to issue the firman for the building of Robert College?" secured the immediate fulfillment of the promise that had often been made with no intent to keep it. When the college had been built, the Turkish inspector of the edifice remarked to our countrymen, "Ah, your big Admiral didn't come here for nothing!" The presence of an American squadron in the Levant would go further to secure the threatened immunities of our citizens than any quantity of mere diplomatic notes. Our Consul at Cairo, Mr. E. C. Little, has recently told us that just that is the thing most desirable now, if American interests are to be properly secured in Turkey. We trust that the Board will be able to press this matter at Washington with better success than attended them in the matter of the Spanish outrage at Ponape three years ago. Although we have no foreign policy in the European sense of the phrase, we ought to insist on that sort of foreign policy which guarantees the rights of Americans in every part of the globe, whether they be merchants or whether they be missionaries.

[1] In 1891 the Russian Consuls throughout Asiatic Turkey were officially directed to place obstacles in the way of educational enterprises.

The Canadian Church

The meeting of the First General Synod of the Church of England in Canada, recently held in Toronto, was, in all probability, an epoch-making event in the history of the Canadian Church. There have been hitherto two ecclesiastical provinces, one consisting of Canada and including nine dioceses, and the other embracing Rupert's Land and containing eight dioceses, each province having its own Metropolitan, but the Archbishop of Canterbury being the nominal Primate of both. In addition there have been five independent dioceses without official connection with either of these provinces. As the result of the action of a conference committee, appointed three years ago, to consider the question of the constitution of a General Synod to unite the two provinces and the independent dioceses under one government, the first General Synod of the Church of England in Canada has been held and has adopted measures which are likely to make the Church of Canada independent of the Church of England. The Rev. Dr. Machray, the Metropolitan of Rupert's Land, was elected Primate, which means, of course, that the Archbishop of Canterbury ceases to hold that position, while Dr. Machray and Dr. Lewis, of Ontario, were made Archbishops in their respective dioceses. This is the first time, we believe, that a colonial Bishop of the English Church has received the title of Archbishop, and it is said that the Archbishop of Canterbury is very strongly opposed to this action. The unity of the Church in Canada with the Anglican Church was affirmed by resolution, but there was manifest in the Synod a strong feeling in favor of taking the name of "The Canadian Church" instead of the Church of England, and this feeling we judge to be prophetic.

—Westminster Chapel, London, the largest Congregational church building in the world, has offered its pastorate to the Rev. Dr. A. H. Bradford, who has been supplying its pulpit during the summer, and who is still absent in Europe. The church is second in size only to the great edifice crowded for so many years by Dr. Spurgeon, and occupies a field of the very highest importance. Dr. Bradford's church in Montclair and his associates on The Outlook will be in unison in hoping that this invitation from London will not tempt him across the seas for permanent residence.

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Books and Authors

A Noble Book [1]

The Outlook has given its readers, from time to time, reports of what may be called the moral revival in France, and was fortunate in being able to secure a sketch of M. Wagner from the pen of Miss Grace King, an accomplished writer of growing power and reputation, and a personal friend of the author of "Youth." It is hardly necessary to say that there are many confluent streams in the general current which is now making for righteousness of life and art in France, and that M. Wagner is associated by sympathy of aim and spirit with a group of gifted men. In such a movement there is always wide diversity of view, and unity of purpose is disclosed, not in unanimity of opinion on specific points of doctrine, but in a strongly marked tendency. The men who are now striving to sound a deeper note in French thought, and to liberate once more the ancient seriousness and sanity of the French spirit, represent many shades of opinions; some of them are Roman Catholics of the liberal type; some, like M. Wagner, are Protestants; others have no ecclesiastical relations. These earnest spirits find common ground in the determination to recall France to faith, purity, sanity, and aspiration.

In this notable group a first place must be given to M. Melchior de Vogüé, whose exposition of the Russian novel as a profound expression of race life and experience, published seven years ago, may be said to have given definite utterance to certain longings and aspirations which had long been growing in intensity in many minds. The real source of this reaction from the tendencies represented by Taine in literary philosophy, by Renan in religious exposition, and by Zola in fiction, was the appalling calamity of 1870; a calamity which drove many sincere Frenchmen to a searching examination of the moral and intellectual conditions which had left a great people apparently almost helpless in the iron hand of a power which France had more than once brought to the dust. To the clear-sighted and patriotic Frenchman there was something tragic in the pitiful helplessness of France in collision with trained, united, and disciplined Germany; and the causes of German superiority were on the very surface. M. de Vogüé has given dramatic expression to his own perception of those causes. A writer in the current issue of the "Atlantic Monthly" quotes these striking words descriptive of a night in September, 1870: "Below, the bivouacs of the victors starred with their fires all the valley of the Moselle. From the fields where those hundred thousand men were encamped, and where we thought them heavy with sleep, exhausted by their victory, a mighty voice arose—one single voice issuing from those hundred thousand throats. It was Luther's choral. The majestic prayer seemed to fill the heavens; it spread over the horizon so far as there were German camp-fires and German men. We heard it far into the night. It thrilled us with its grandeur and beauty. . . . Many of us were young then, and little matured in reflection, yet we recognized at that moment the power which had vanquished us: it was not the superior force of regiments, but that one soul, made up of so many souls, tempered in faith, national and divine, and firmly persuaded that its God marched by its side to victory."

Among the other leaders of this movement are the historian M. Ernest Lavisse, who had the honor of being mobbed at the close of a lecture not long ago, and who may be said to divide with M. de Vogüé the responsibility of definite guidance and formulated statement of purpose and aim; Paul Desjardins, Édouard Rod, Pierre Lasserre; while the eminent critic, M. Ferdinand Brunetière, represents a small group of men of letters who, disavowing all fellowship with this movement, are nevertheless moving by a different road towards the same goal. Wearied with the scholarly and fascinating dilettanteism of Renan, the brilliant but hard and inconclusive positivism of Taine, the worn-out naturalism of Zola (the end of which is clearly seen even by its disciples), a goodly number of gifted Frenchmen are earnestly inquiring the way of moral and artistic salvation for France.

Every such movement produces its text-book, written in the language of the people, in the heat of enthusiasm, and with the definite object of expounding the faith and persuading the multitude. Such a book is M. Wagner's widely read "Jeunesse," translated under the taking and significant title of "Youth." Rarely has any kindred return to healthful and noble intellectual and moral living found a voice so clear, so ringing, so persuasive, as that which gives this volume the sonorous range of a bugle-call. M. Wagner addresses youth because he discerns in youth those qualities which the weary spirit of contemporary France stands in sore need of, and because in youth he finds also the immediate hope of a regenerated country. His discussion has a good deal of literary quality, but he does not write as a man of letters; it has a good share of analytical power, but it is not the work of a philosopher; it is rather the appeal of a man of action, the call to arms of a man in the saddle. It has fire, enthusiasm, contagious earnestness; it is pervaded by an active idealism. There is a clear analysis of the present condition of things in the intellectual and moral world, and there is also a clear and noble statement, not so much of remedies as of sound and wholesome methods, aims, habits, thoughts, emotions, and occupations. Rarely has a philosophy of life been set forth with such largeness of view, such respect for all sides of man's nature, such beautiful sympathy with all that is soundly human, and such insight into the heart and mind of youth. It is a manual of broad, generous, and noble living, written, not by a priest, a philosopher, a recluse, or a fanatic, but by a large-minded and sound-hearted man, who knows life through action as well as through thought; who makes place for all normal instincts, room for all healthful activities, and provides for the full play of a vigorous life. Such a book has a universal value, and, although written in France, has its word and its charm for the youth of all countries.

[1] *Youth.* By M. Charles Wagner. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.25.

History of the Second Church of Christ in Hartford. By Edwin Pond Parker. (Belknap & Warfield, Hartford, Conn.) This publication is more than a history of a particular church notable in the annals of New England Congregationalism. It is in certain aspects an epitome of principles and conditions, of manners and customs, both ecclesiastical and domestic, growing out of the adjustment of Church and Commonwealth to primitive environment. As such, Dr. Parker's book warrants extended notice in these columns. It is, therefore, a matter of keen regret that we are shut up to inflexible space-limitations. We have only space to say that events of both local and general significance are so happily and skillfully blended in this volume as to make it worthy the study of all who seek the beginnings of New England church history. In the chapter entitled "Hartford People Two Centuries Ago" Dr. Parker considers the social, religious, and domestic life of the community at the date of the accession of Charles the Second; and the type of life thus portrayed, sketched with pictorial vividness and charming literary completeness, might well serve, in general content, as a just presentation of *all* New England life at the period named. There are also other chapters that prove this work to be considerably more than the simple annals of a merely local church. But in the portions that relate exclusively to the growth and progress of the religious society, in whose service the author has ministered most successfully for many years, there are to be discovered the prime essentials of satisfactory achievement in labor of this description. Patient research, orderly arrangement, clear statement, historic insight, economy in the use of language undivorced from felicity of diction—all these qualities are noticeable, and they are so interwoven with the by-play of wit and flash of rhetorical coloring that even dryest details are relieved of aridity. We cannot linger to discuss the prominent features of the history of the Second Church in their relation to vexed questions in theology and vexed problems of ecclesiastical development. It will be noted that some grave problems of religious life and worship were amazingly insistent and obstinately uppermost in the minds of our forefathers, although we of the later Church sometimes appear to imagine that the Almighty has given us all the thinking of the ages to perform! For this reason Dr. Parker has written for a wider constituency—incidentally, of course—than will ever assemble within the walls of

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his own house of worship. As a specimen of book-making—portraits, index, appendices, type, etc.—we are bound to say that the publishers leave little to be desired. As a commentary on general happenings within the vicinage of Hartford Congregationalism this volume is most instructive. We also gladly chronicle the fact that, in the extended reviews already published in leading journals, few, if any, errors have been detected by expert writers, some authoritative in this field. All of which must prove most gratifying to Dr. Parker, who, in a work of this nature, threads many puzzling and intricate paths of antiquarian maze.

Miss Agnes Repplier has come to her own very rapidly; which means that she has found a very large company of people who are both instructed and delighted by what she has to say in the essay form. The light, clear, keen touch which belongs to the short essay dealing with social or semi-literary topics is peculiarly her own. It is the charm of her personality which one feels in her work and which gives that work its distinctive qualities. The essay from most hands is colorless, and consists either of a statement of fact or a series of rather pallid observations and reflections. Miss Repplier has the advantage of seeing things freshly, clearly, and from her own point of view, and what she attempts to give us is not broad generalizations regarding the construction and nature of the universe, but very clever and entertaining impressions of her own. Her latest volume, *Essays in Idleness*, contains eight short papers on such topics as "Leisure," "Words," "Ennui," "Wit and Humor," and "Letters;" with a delightful chapter on "Agrippina," a domestic cat of rare virtues and great intelligence, and another on "Children's Poets." It is one of Miss Repplier's claims upon the public attention that, while she does not attempt to deal with questions profoundly, she is, on the other hand, free from flippancy. She is fresh, vivacious, and keen, within those limits which the thoughtful reader marks out as the boundaries beyond which he is not willing to pass in his intellectual recreation. Emphasizing constantly the fact that literature must entertain and delight as well as instruct, it is Miss Repplier's good fortune to be able to illustrate in her own practice this somewhat neglected doctrine. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $1.25.)

The imprint of Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. is becoming a synonym for artistic book-making, and the new edition of the novels of Henry Fielding will confirm a reputation already well established. Books more attractive to the eye and convenient to the hand have rarely been issued than the series in which Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. have already published the works of the Brontë sisters and the stories of Jane Austen. Uniform in style, although differing in detail, now appear Fielding's novels, *Joseph Andrews* filling two volumes, and *Tom Jones* four. The books are bound in green, with tasteful stamping in gilt, with characteristically effective title-pages, and with admirable illustrations by Herbert Railton and E. J. Wheeler. Fielding is in no sense food for babes, and there are passages to which even the grown man who recalls the habits and manners of the age in which the story was written must take decided exception; but Fielding remains, in spite of his coarseness, one of the foremost English writers, a man of exuberant vitality, of great knowledge of life, of the quickest and widest human sympathies, and master of a charming style. No lover of Thackeray can afford to leave Fielding unread; indeed, no lover of English literature can afford to pass by one of the earliest of the novelists, who remains, in spite of the immense exploitation of the novel in recent years, a master of his craft. (Macmillan & Co., New York. $1 each.)

Mr. Thomas Nelson Page stands confessedly in the front rank of the younger writers of the country, and more than one of his short stories has already become a classic in its department. His work, as a whole, has a distinctively individual quality which stamps it as original, and it discloses also that element of excellence which gives it rank as literature. Few of our younger writers have been so widely read, and although Mr. Page has not yet put many years or many volumes behind him, it is a pleasant evidence of the popularity of his prose work that it has been reissued in four uniform volumes, which are models of clear printing and tasteful book-making. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4 vols., $4.50.)

The general introduction to the "Henry Irving's Shakespeare," which was prepared by Professor Dowden, has been issued in book form, under the title *Introduction to Shakespeare*, after careful revision by the writer. This is, in its way, as comprehensive and compact a statement of facts relating to Shakespeare's life, the publication of his works, their order and character, and their influence upon English thought, as can be found by the Shakespearean student. Professor Dowden's long study of the great poet, and the writing of his well-known book on "The Mind and Art of Shakespeare," especially fitted him to put in a very compact way all the known facts about the great dramatist. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Literary Notes

—Mr. Marion Crawford is again a welcome visitor to this country.

—Marion Crawford, Henry James, and F. C. Burnand have all written plays which Mr. Daly is to bring out during the coming winter.

—Mr. Francis Parkman recently celebrated his seventieth birthday, and it is a pleasure to report a great improvement in his general health.

—Inquiries have been made with regard to the publishers of Mr. Denton J. Snider's literary commentaries, reviewed in a recent issue of The Outlook by Professor F. H. Stoddard. They were formerly published in St. Louis, but are now issued by the Sigma Publishing Company, 10 Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ill.

—The very interesting paper read by Mr. Howard A. Bridgman, of the "Congregationalist," at the Religious Press Congress, on "The Historical Development of the Religious Newspaper," was printed in the issue of the "Congregationalist" for September 21, and is a valuable chapter in the record of religious journalism in this country.

—The announcement by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. of the early publication of a book by the Rev. Dr. George A. Gordon, of the Old South Church, Boston, on "The Witness to Immortality in Literature, Philosophy, and Life," will be read with unusual interest. Dr. Gordon is a thinker of liberal tendencies and of unmistakable force and insight.

Books Received

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK
Factors in American Civilization. Lectures before the Brooklyn Ethical Association. $2.
Bandelier, A. F. The Gilded Man. $1.50.
Hughes, Robert M. General Johnston. $1.50.
Stoddard, William O. On the Old Frontier. $1.50.
Webster, Sidney. Misuse of Legal Tender. $1.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO
Youmans, Mrs. Letitia. Campaign Echoes: An Autobiography.

CONGREGATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND PUBLISHING SOCIETY, BOSTON
Tracy, Charles C. Talks on the Veranda in a Far-Away Land. $1.25.

T. Y. CROWELL & CO., NEW YORK
Thayer, William M. The True Woman.
Ray, Anna Chapin. Margaret Davis, Tutor. $1.25.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., NEW YORK
Brooks, Rt. Rev. Phillips, D.D. Sermons.

GINN & CO., BOSTON
Baker, Arthur L. The Elements of Solid Geometry. 90 cts.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK
Pool, Maria Louise. The Two Salomes. $1.25.
James, Henry. The Wheel of Time, and Other Stories. $1.
Sangster, Margaret E. On the Road Home. (Poems.) $1.25.
Black, William. White Heather. 80 cts.
Black, William. Sabina Zembra. 80 cts.
Ralph, Julian. Our Great West. $2.50.

HENRY HOLT & CO., NEW YORK
Falckenberg, Richard. History of Modern Philosophy. Translated by A. C. Armstrong, Jr. $3.50.
De Quincey, Thomas. Joan of Arc. The English Mail Coach. Translated by J. M. Hart. 30 cts.
Joynes, Edward S. Minimum French Grammar and Reader. 80 cts.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON
Cary, Emma F. The Dayspring from on High. (Selections.) $1.
Guiney, Louise Imogen. A Roadside Harp. (Book of Verses.) $1.
Repplier, Agnes. Essays in Idleness. $1.25.
Thatcher, Oliver J. A Sketch of the History of the Apostolic Church. $1.25.
Brown, Helen Dawes. The Petrie Estate. $1.25.
Williams, Alfred M. Sam Houston and the War of Independence in Texas. $2.

HUNT & EATON, NEW YORK
Joy, Jane Ellis. Paula Crayton. 70 cts.
Robertson, F. W. Thoughts on God and Man: Selections. Edited by J. B. Burroughs, M.D. $1.

D. LOTHROP CO., BOSTON
Roads, Rev. Charles. Little Children in the Church of Christ. $1.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK
Fielding, Henry. The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling. Edited by George Saintsbury. 4 Vols. $4.
Scott, Sir Walter, Bart. Kenilworth. $1.25.

MAYNARD, MERRILL & CO., NEW YORK
Motley, John L. Peter the Great.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK
Fielde, Adele M. Chinese Nights' Entertainment. $1.75.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK
Meyer, F. B. Joshua and the Land of Promise. $1.
Ballantine, William G. Job Jehovah's Champion. 25 cts.
Russell, Howard H. A Lawyer's Examination of the Bible. $1.
Cuyler, Theodore L., D.D. The Young Preacher. 75 cts.

ROBERTS BROS., BOSTON
Hale, Edward E. For Fifty Years. $1.
Campbell, Helen. The Easiest Way in Housekeeping and Cooking. $1.
Poor, Agnes B. Brothers and Strangers. $1.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
Troup, George E. Words to Young Christians: Addresses to Young Communicants. (Imported.) $1.75.
Fraser, Sir William, Baronet. Hic et Ubique. (Imported.) $1.50.
Esquemeling, John. The Buccaneers of America. (Imported.) $5.
Bartholomew, J. G. The Tourist's Atlas-Guide to the Continent of Europe. (Imported.) $1.75.
Moore, George. The Strike at Arlingford. (Imported.) $1.75.
Street, G. S. Miniatures and Moods. (Imported.) $1.25.
Ball, J. Dyer. Things Chinese. (Imported.) $3.
Dowden, Edward. Introduction to Shakespeare. (Imported.) $1.
Duff, E. Gordon. Early Printed Books. (Imported.) $2.50.
Rooke, T. George. Inspiration and Other Lectures. (Imported.) $3.
Windfalls of Observation. Gathered by Edward S. Martin. $1.25.
Merriam, George S. Noah Porter: A Memorial. $2.
Leighton, Robert. Wreck of the Golden Fleece. $1.50.
Stables, Gordon. Westward with Columbus. $1.50.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK
Yonge, Charlotte M. The Treasures in the Marshes. $1.
Jukes, Andrew. The Order and Connexion of the Church's Teaching. $1.
Washburn (Late), E. A., D.D. The Social Law of God. 50 cts.

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Correspondence

Fair Play to American Yachtsmen

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your paper of September 30 you say: "It is true that our yachtsmen have never given the British even a fighting chance to win, as never, until now, have the conditions of the race been generous and sportsmanlike." This calumny on American yachtsmen has been repeated and disproved time and time again, but still comes up smiling, as if endowed with perennial vitality. I have no idea that what I now say will put an end to it, but still the facts ought to be stated, in the hope that our yachtsmen will some day have justice done them.

These facts are: that the owners of the America, on her arrival in England, issued a challenge to all England for a race, which challenge was accepted only by the Titania, a much smaller vessel than the America, and inferior to her in all respects. The America won, and the challenge remained open for some time without any other yacht coming forward, and finally she was allowed to enter in a regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron. In this race eighteen yachts entered and fourteen sailed, the America winning with ease.

Why should we give better terms than we received? The English have contended that we ought to sail them boat against boat, forgetting the way they treated us, and making their usual cry for fair play which they are always ready to claim but not to concede. The dispute began with Mr. Ashbury and has been going on ever since, concession having succeeded concession, until all the recent races have been sailed boat against boat, instead of one against fourteen. The English have claimed their view of the case so loudly that many Americans, yourself apparently among the number, have believed in their rights, and I am, therefore, glad of an opportunity of stating the American side.

In my opinion, the Americans should treat the English as you say Lord Dunraven has treated the Emperor of Germany.

SERICA.

A Scholarly Criticism

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your remark that Jevons was the "last of the great monometallists," had you not forgotten Knies? He is certainly a monometallist, unless his views have changed very recently; and to the title "great" he surely has as good a claim as at least three of those you mention—Cairnes, Chevalier, and Jevons. Probably any university teacher, giving a bibliography of money, would place "Geld und Credit" above any work of any of the three writers named.

Another passage in your editorial of September 2 seems open to criticism. I allude to the paragraph where you seem to argue that the increased use of gold in the arts makes strongly against the continuance of gold monometallism. Now, of course, it is to be admitted that the fact alluded to decreases the supply of gold available for monetary purposes, and, so, the probability that that supply will prove adequate. But, on the other hand, it is even more certain that this increased use of gold in the arts greatly diminishes the likelihood that bimetallism could succeed. For it is essential to the argument for scientific bimetallism that the monetary use of the precious metals should so far outweigh every other as practically to constitute their only use. Thus the bimetallist meets the common objection to his scheme, that Gresham's law will come into operation, and the underrated metal be withdrawn from circulation, by declaring that Gresham's law will have no chance to work, since there will be no outlet for the underrated metal—there being no country, under international bimetallism, where such metal, *as money*, is worth more than in every other, and the non-monetary demand being relatively so insignificant that it could not draw off the metal from the currency. But, plainly, this reasoning will not stand if the use in the arts is relatively the greater and is constantly increasing. If, even now, two-thirds of the annual gold supply is consumed in the arts, it is certain that a much greater proportion would be consumed if, by a legal equating of gold and silver at the ratio of 1 to 15½, gold should be greatly underrated, *i. e.*, made much cheaper. Further, since at the same time the annual production would fall off because of the diminished comparative profitableness of gold-mining, it is almost certain that the arts-demand would greatly surpass the annual product, and constitute a draft on the circulating medium, thus furnishing the outlet for the underrated metal which the bimetallist claims could not exist under his system. Bimetallists, realizing this, have usually and quite properly endeavored to show that the arts-demand is comparatively insignificant. It would seem, then, that the figures as to production and consumption given by Giffen, rather than those of Soetbeer, are most favorable to monometallism, or at least most unfavorable to bimetallism.

F. M. TAYLOR.

We confess our unfamiliarity with the work of Knies, and readily concede that the characterization of Jevons as "the last of the great monometallists" was too sweeping. On the other hand, we not only believe that the decreased production of gold and its increased use in the arts is a convincing argument against monometallism, but also that this does not seriously affect the ability of Governments to keep gold and silver money at par. If the supply of gold and silver (like that of wheat and corn) depended upon this year's production, the case would be different. But that which has made these metals form a comparatively stable measure of value is the fact that the supply is practically independent of any one year's production, or any ten years' production. Even if the mining of either metal were absolutely stopped, the present coin supply would meet for a quarter of a century the present industrial demand. Under a bimetallic law, the possessors of gold money could not afford to hold it above par as bullion, for in this form it would yield them no interest until sold; jewelry manufacturers could, therefore, for an indefinite period, obtain all the gold they could use at the legal ratio.—THE EDITORS.

The President's Financial Position

President Cleveland's letter to Governor Northen is his latest declaration of policy, and ought to be widely read:

Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C.,
September 25.

Hon. W. J. Northen:

My Dear Sir—I hardly know how to reply to your letter of the 15th inst. It seems to me that I am quite plainly on record concerning the financial question. My letter accepting the nomination to the Presidency, when read in connection with the message lately sent to the Congress in extraordinary session, appears to me to be very explicit. I want a currency that is stable and safe in the hands of our people. I will not knowingly be implicated in a condition that will justly make me in the least degree answerable to any laborer or farmer in the United States for a shrinkage in the purchasing power of the dollar he has received for a full dollar's worth of work, or for a good dollar's worth of the product of his toil. I not only want our currency to be of such a character that all kinds of dollars will be of equal purchasing power at home, but I want it to be of such a character as will demonstrate abroad our wisdom and good faith, thus placing us upon a firm foundation and credit among the nations of the earth. I want our financial conditions and the laws relating to our currency safe and reassuring, that those who have money will spend and invest it in business and new enterprises instead of hoarding it. You cannot cure fright by calling it foolish and unreasonable, and you cannot prevent the frightened man from hoarding his money.

I want good, sound, and stable money, and a condition of confidence that will keep it in use.

Within the limits of what I have written, I am a friend of silver, but I believe its proper place in our currency can only be fixed by a readjustment of our currency legislation, and the inauguration of a consistent and comprehensive financial scheme. I think such a thing can only be entered upon profitably and hopefully after the repeal of the law which is charged with all our financial woes. In the present state of the public mind, this law cannot be built upon, nor patched in such a way as to relieve the situation. I am therefore opposed to the free and unlimited coinage of silver by this country alone and independently, and I am in favor of the immediate and unconditional repeal of the purchasing clause of the so-called Sherman Law.

I confess I am astonished by the opposition in the Senate to such prompt action as would relieve the present unfortunate situation. My daily prayer is that the delay occasioned by such opposition may not be the cause of plunging the country into deeper depression than I have yet known, and that the Democratic party may not be justly held responsible for such a catastrophe. Yours very truly,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

—Says the Rev. Dr. Cuyler: "There used to be a sharp story told of a stingy millionaire in New York who was solicited to contribute toward rearing a statue to Washington. The miser refused with the excuse: 'I keep Washington always in my heart.' 'Well,' replied the indignant solicitor, 'I don't believe the Father of his Country ever got into such a tight place as that.' This story occurs to me when I hear certain professors of religion complain that they 'do not enjoy their religion:' they have not enough of it to enjoy."

Food raised with Cleveland's baking powder has no bitter taste, but is sweet and keeps sweet and fresh.

A pure cream of tartar powder.

CLEVELAND'S BAKING POWDER.

"Pure and sure."

A rounded teaspoonful of Cleveland's baking powder does more work and finer work than a heaping one of any other.

I Am Truly Thankful

for Hood's Sarsaparilla. During the war I contracted **typhoid fever,** and fever and ague, leaving me with **malarial and mercurial poisoning** from which I have suffered ever since, in neuralgia, rheumatism, **nervous prostration,** and general debility. Much of the time I have been unable to work, and the doctors' treatment failed to do me any good. Since I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I have not lost a day's work in three months,

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

and am in better health than any time since the war." J. H. STILLMAN, Cheltenham, Pa.

HOOD'S PILLS become the favorite cathartic with every one who tries them. 25c. per box.

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Recreation Department The Outlook

Suggestions for planning a Vacation or a Trip anywhere in the world; printed information concerning any Transportation Line in the world, any Hotel in the world, any Pleasure or Health Resort in the world, or any Tour to any part of the world, will be sent on request, without charge, by the Recreation Department, The Outlook, Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New York.

Fall River Line

The connections made by the Fall River Line at the eastern end of its route are exceptionally excellent, and comprehend every establishment of transportation by land or water from that important New England center. Traveling by this line one may arrive in Boston at a very early or later hour as is designed, two fast express trains leaving the boat-landing at Fall River every morning, and arriving in Boston the one a little before seven, and the other at nine o'clock. These trains are in every point of service and make-up exactly alike, and are for rail travel upon the same scale that the Puritan and Pilgrim are for water transportation. The early train arrives in Boston in full time to connect with all lines in any direction.

The Acme of Physical Comfort

The very acme of physical comfort is reached when traveling upon the New York Central Roads, and nowhere upon the face of the globe can more beautiful scenery be found than that disclosed by these varied routes. One never tires of the Hudson River, and the Mohawk region, so loved by poets, is always a feast to the eye and a delight to the soul. Then as we go on and keep our eyes open we come upon some of the loveliest sheets of water on top of the earth—Cayuga Lake for one, and, further on, Canandaigua Lake, uniquely and blissfully situated.—*Eleanor Kirk.*

Reduced Rates

The first class New York to Boston fare via the Fall River Line will, on October 1, be reduced from $4 to $3. A corresponding reduction will be made to all other Eastern points.

FOREIGN HOTELS

European Summer Resort
University town of Innsbruck, Tyrol, Austria, **1,900** feet above the sea, with dry, bracing climate.

HOTEL TIROL

Large, airy, sunny rooms, well furnished; superior cuisine; modern conveniences. Charming Excursions made. Eminent medical care if desired. Best references. Illustrated pamphlets on application. CARL LANDSEE, Prop.

RESORTS

California

LOS ANGELES: The Hollenbeck
Illustrated book describing Southern California sent on request by A. C. BILICKE & CO.

MIRAMAR EL MONTECITO, California
Flag Station on So. Pacific R.R., 4 Miles East of SANTA BARBARA

This beautiful resort opens its Winter season with a fine new dining-room added to its already attractive home and adjacent cottages. Splendid beach, with sea-bathing at all seasons. Santa Ynez Mountains, with the famous Hot Sulphur Springs, 2½ miles distant. Views, drives, and rides of incomparable beauty. Fishing, tennis-court, rose garden, and semi-tropical foliage. Address
Mrs. JOSIAH DOULTON,
Miramar, Santa Barbara, California (Box 660).

Colorado

COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo.: The Antlers
Illustrated book, describing Colorado Springs, sent on request by E. BARNETT, Proprietor.

Connecticut

THE OLD OAK HOMESTEAD
has been sufficiently enlarged to admit of three more young girls in the family school of Mrs. JAMES C. BEECHER. Eleventh year. Composition and music specially well taught. For circulars address Coscob in Greenwich, Conn.

Illinois

Before engaging accommodations for your "WORLD'S FAIR" Trip, investigate

"THE LINDEN"
(Woodlawn Park)

Only six blocks from the grounds. Choice residence and prohibition district. Permanent stone and brick building; good restaurant; everything first-class and charges moderate. Beautifully illustrated pamphlet and map of grounds on application. Address
E. W. NASON, 238 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

WORLD'S FAIR VISITORS—The Chicago Theological Seminary opens its buildings as a Home for Christian people at a uniform rate of Fifty cents per day, one person in a room; or Seventy-five cents for two persons. Address Henry W. Chester, 81 Ashland Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

WORLD'S FAIR GUESTS—Rooms near Jackson Park; two blocks from the Lake. Address Mrs. ISHAM, 4344 Greenwood Avenue, Chicago. 75 cts. to $1.25 per day. Conducted by owner. References given.

Winter Sanatorium at Lakewood, N. J.

In the great pine belt of New Jersey. Turkish, Roman, pine, salt, iron, sulphur, electro-thermal, and all hydropathic baths; electricity in all its forms; massage. Open fireplaces; sun parlor; electric bells; electric lights in all public rooms; Alderney milk and cream. Open from October 1 to June 1, with or without treatment. Address H. J. CATE, M.D., Lakewood, New Jersey.

Massachusetts

Dr. Allan Mott Ring
Receives at his **Sanatorium, Arlington Heights, Mass.**, eight miles from Boston, a limited number of selected cases of NERVOUS DISEASE in both sexes, as well as convalescents, and persons requiring Rest from Overwork or other causes. Descriptive circular sent on application.

Michigan

The autumn and winter months the most favorable for treatment at

Alma Sanitarium
The **wonderful mineral water** exclusively used by the Sanitarium is of remarkable benefit in Rheumatism, Skin diseases, and diseases of the Bladder and Kidneys. Send for book. ALMA SANITARIUM, Alma, Mich.

Minnesota

HOTEL RYAN, St. Paul, Minn.—Leading hotel of the city. Cuisine of superior excellence. Fireproof. Service unsurpassed. *Rates, $3, $3.50, $4, $4.50, and $5.* EUGENE MEHL & SON.

New Jersey

The BRENTFORD
Cor. Madison Ave. and Sixth St., **LAKEWOOD, N.J.**
October to June. Address Miss A. M. MYERS.

THE BUCKINGHAM Opposite Laurel House
LAKEWOOD, NEW JERSEY
First-class; rates moderate; circulars.

LAKEWOOD, N. J. HARRIS COTTAGE
One block east of "The Lakewood." Open fireplaces, sun parlor, electrical treatment, massage. Mrs. E. HARRIS.

LAKEWOOD, New Jersey
Laurel House
OPENS TUESDAY, OCT. 3
PORTER & JUDD, Managers

THE PARK VIEW
LAKEWOOD, N. J. | CHAS. W. WOODLAND, Prop.

SUNSET LODGE
Madison Ave., LAKEWOOD, NEW JERSEY
Oct. to June 1st. J. M. VANDERHOOF.

New York

The Jackson Sanatorium
DANSVILLE, NEW YORK
(ESTABLISHED IN 1858.)

Elevated location, 1,200 ft. above sea-level, overlooking the beautiful Genesee Valley.

Personal Care of experienced Physicians. All valuable forms of treatment. Provision for rest, recreation, and amusement.

Elegant **fire-proof** main building and twelve cottages. Asphalt Roof promenade. Steam heat, open fires, electric bells, safety elevator, telegraph, telephone. Cuisine under supervision of Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, of Chautauqua Cooking School.

On line D., L. & W. R. R., between New York and Buffalo. Open all the year. For illustrated circular, etc., address J. ARTHUR JACKSON, Sec'y.

New York

Dr. Strong's Sanitarium
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

A popular resort for health, change, rest, or recreation all the year. Elevator, electric bells, steam, open fireplaces, sun-parlor and promenade on the roof. Suites of rooms with private baths. Massage, Electricity, all baths and all remedial appliances. New Turkish and Russian baths never surpassed in Oriental elegance and completeness. Send for illustrated circular.

Pennsylvania

DELAWARE WATER GAP, PA.—Croasdale's Farm House. Open from May till November. Fresh milk and vegetables from farm. Large rooms; shady lawns; livery. E. T. CROASDALE.

WALTER'S PARK
(Near Wernersville and Reading, Pa.)

is a great Mountain Park (400 acres). Air equal to Colorado; scenery beautiful beyond description; pure, soft spring water.

Walter's Sanitarium

is its central attraction. The best located, easiest of access, most successful. Baths, massage, electricity, Swedish movements. Thirty-five years' experience. Send for illustrated catalogue. Address
WALTER'S SANITARIUM, Walter's Park, Pa.

TRAVEL

THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE
C. & N. W. RY.

THE DIRECT ROUTE
between CHICAGO and

DES MOINES

DAILY TRAINS
with Free Reclining Chair Cars
and Palace Sleeping Cars
Through without change.

PERFECT TRACK and EQUIPMENT

All Agents sell Tickets via the
Chicago & North-Western Ry.

W. H. Newman, 3d Vice-Pres. J. M. Whitman, Gen. Manager. W. A. Thrall, Gen. Pas. & Tkt. Agt.

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Travel

Perfect road-bed, four tracks, fine cars, elegant service, quick time, and Grand Central Station—all by the New York Central; the best line between New York or Boston and Cleveland, Detroit, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Chicago.

For a copy of one of the "Four-Track Series" send two 2-cent stamps to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

MEDITERRANEAN
EXPRESS LINE

Magnificent Twin-screw Steamers of 13–16,000 H.P. Regular service beginning Nov. 4 from New York direct to **ALGIERS, NAPLES,** and **GENOA.** Also from New York via Algiers and Naples to **ALEXANDRIA,** Egypt.

Grand ORIENT EXCURSION
per Fuerst Bismarck, from New York, Feb. 1, '94.
Steamers hold the record for fastest time between New York and the European Continent.
Sailings and Price-list, Illustrated Pamphlet, and Travelers' Guide sent free to any address.
HAMBURG-AMERICAN PACKET CO.
37 Broadway, New York. | 125 La Salle St., Chicago.

3 Lovely Named Hyacinths,
Different Colors, for blooming in pots, sent by mail, post-paid, **For 10 Cents,** together with our beautifully illustrated **Catalogue** of 64 pages, and a sample copy of the **Mayflower,** 40 pages, elegantly illustrated and containing two magnificent, large colored plates of flowers.
OUR FALL CATALOGUE for 1893. A superb work of Art. We offer the finest stock of Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus, Narcissus, Lilies, Freesias, etc., and scores of rare new Bulbs and Plants for fall planting and winter blooming, also choice Shrubs, Trees and Fruits. It is the most beautiful and complete Catalogue of the kind ever issued.
JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, N.Y.

SUBSCRIBERS' WANTS

Want advertisements of thirty words or less will be published under this heading at one dollar a week. Four cents a week is charged for each word in excess of thirty.

FOR SALE OR RENT—Florida Villa, Tarpon Springs, Gulf Coast, Mexico. Residence of the late Dr. R. J. Levis, Philadelphia. Commanding corner lot opposite Bayou. House surrounded by piazza ten feet wide. Nine rooms; also lattice-room between dining-room and kitchen. Bath-room; enameled tub. Large store and trunk rooms; fine cement cistern; handsome pavilion; boat-rooms and sea-water baths. Address "FLORIDA VILLA," No. 5,227, care The Outlook Co.

OWING TO THE FINANCIAL DEPRESSION, a desirable school in Connecticut has a few vacancies which may be filled at reduced rates. Personal interview if desired. Application must be made before October 1st. Apply to No. 5,206, care The Outlook.

WANTED—A home, with suitable care, for a young man, a consumptive. A dry, warm, winter climate and sanitary situation required. House of physician preferred. High altitude unsuitable. Address **109** College Street, New Haven, Conn.

A MOTHER who is a kindergartner needs an educated young woman to care for children, sew, and to give assistance in the kindergarten when needed. Home. Compensation moderate. Address "D.," 217 Doyle Ave., Providence, R. I.

A LADY OF EXPERIENCE in travel desires the company of two young women or older persons for a winter in California. Remuneration of secondary importance. Address, soon, TRAVELER, No. 5,257, care of The Outlook.

A COPY OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION for Oct. 9, 1890, is very much desired by Mr. J. R. Howard, Montclair, N. J. If any subscriber having it will mail it to that address it will be gratefully received and acknowledged.

A LADY having a pleasant home in Brooklyn would like to take in her family an invalid desiring a quiet home, or children to whom extra care would be given. Address Mrs. A. T., No. **5,259,** care of The Outlook.

A LADY with experience desires position as housekeeper or care-taker. Address Miss T., 31 East 36th St., New York City.

A MINISTER'S WIDOW would like a position as housekeeper. Address No. 5,258, this office.

King's Windsor Asbestos Cement

For Plastering Walls and Ceilings

If you are going to build a house, and desire to have it plastered with a material which will not require constant patching after it is completed, and at the same time insure perfect safety in the most expensive decorations, insist upon your architect specifying King's Windsor Asbestos Cement.

It is not only 300 per cent. stronger than any other plastering material, but elastic, composed as it is exclusively of gypsum and asbestos, the natures of which not only make it fire-proof, but place it beyond any injury which might possibly be done by water.

As a rule, clients limit the cost of their buildings, and thus the architect is obliged to cut down his estimate, with the result that invariably the plastering of some of our best buildings is of an extremely poor quality, but good enough to pass the superficial inspection.

Following soon after come the falling ceilings and endless patching, which in five years' time would amount to quite as much as the original cost of the entire work; thus demonstrating that the best quality of material on so important a part of a building as plastering, where very often the decorations cost three or four times the original amount of the plaster, is by far the cheapest in the end.

Some plasterers will tell you that this is a new thing, and that you had better confine yourself to the old method of lime and hair, which naturally would furnish him with the most lucrative part of his profession, *i. e.*, patching; but, inasmuch as we have sold nearly one million barrels of this material in the past three years, and it has given perfect satisfaction in every case where directions have been followed, we are compelled to dispute this statement of the plasterer.

At the same time we would refer you to the following buildings throughout the country which have been plastered with this material:

Park & Tilford's New Stores, New York City.
Postal Telegraph Building, New York City.
Mail and Express, New York City.
New York Times, New York City.
Holland House, New York City.
Dr. Meredith's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Brooklyn Savings Bank, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Boys' and Girls' High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Public School No. 26, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Arbuckle Flats, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hotel St. George, Brooklyn, N. Y.
New Store of Liebmann Bros., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Ninth Ward School, Utica, N. Y.
Residence of E. J. Hingston, Buffalo, N. Y.
First Presbyterian Church, Buffalo, N. Y.
State Normal School, Buffalo, N. Y.
St. John's Church, Elmira, N. Y.
Barker, Rose & Young Block, Elmira, N. Y.
Y. M. C. A. Building, Rochester, N. Y.
German Baptist Union, Rochester, N. Y.
Public Schools Nos. 23 and 32, Rochester, N. Y.
Homeopathic Hospital, Rochester, N. Y.
All Saints' Chapel, Rochester, N. Y.
Cornell University Buildings, Ithaca, N. Y.
Hier Flats, Syracuse, N. Y.
Salt's Western Hotel, Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Falls Hotel, Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Depots of the New York Central and Hudson River R.R. at Niagara Falls, Lockport, Garrisons, Croton, Sing Sing, etc.
Colgate Library, Hamilton, N. Y.
Public School, W. New Brighton, N. Y. (Largest in the State.)
Robbins Island Club, Peconic Bay, L. I.
New Penn. R. R. Station, Jersey City, N. J.
Monmouth Beach Club-House, Long Branch, N. J.
"Laurel in the Pines," Lakewood, N. J.
New Bowdoin Square Theater, Boston, Mass.
Opera-House Block, Springfield, Mass.
Residence of George Westinghouse, Jr., Lenox, Mass.
Downing Street School, Worcester, Mass.
Markleton Sanatorium Co., Markleton, Pa.
Duquesne Theater, Pittsburgh, Pa.
National Bank of Commerce, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Sixth Ave. Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Residence of Mrs. Hostetter, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Supt's Headquarters Penn. R.R., Altoona, Pa.
First National Bank, Cooperstown, Pa.
U. S. Court-House and Post-Office, Williamsport, Pa.
Commonwealth Building, Scranton, Pa.
Jackson Street Baptist Church, Scranton, Pa.
Hope Building, Brown University, Providence, R.I.
R. I. Hospital Trust Co., Providence, R. I.
Calvert Hall School, Baltimore, Md.
Residence of Mr. Evans, Ruxton, Md.
State Capitol, Columbia, S. C.
Y. M. C. A. Building, Glens Falls, N. Y.
Albright Memorial Library, Scranton, Pa.
Moses Taylor Hospital, Scranton, Pa.
Elm Park M. E. Parsonage, Scranton, Pa.

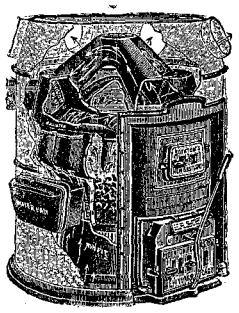
Parties purchasing a house from the so-called "Speculative Builders" will find it greatly to their advantage to ascertain, if possible, the material that it is plastered with, and, if it is not done with King's Windsor Asbestos Cement, by all means insist upon the seller signing an agreement to keep the plastering in order for at least three years and pay all damages to your decoration that may occur by falling walls and ceilings.

The majority of the builders admit the superiority of King's Windsor Asbestos Cement, but in order to save the slight additional cost on a house they continue to use the old method of lime, hair, and sand, which consists of a very little of the former and a great deal of loamy sand, which very often contains decayed vegetation and enough of malodorous diseased cattle hair to hold this mixture of dried mud together until the house passes out of his hands and is paid for.

If you wish to avoid this class of dwellings in the future, which will prove to be a perpetual drain upon your finances, as well as a standing menance to your health, send to us for a circular of our material, with a list of Agents throughout the country.

J. B. KING & CO., 21-24 State St., New York, N. Y.
Sole Manufacturers and Patentees

Fifty years from now



we hope to be manufacturing heating apparatus (have been at it fifty years already). If our goods were not right this would not be possible. Our customers say they are right. If you try them you will say so too.

Boynton Furnaces,
Boynton Hot Water Heaters,
Boynton Steam Heaters, Ranges, Etc.

They are for sale by the best dealers all over the United States. Our Catalogue free. Better send for it, indicating manner of heating desired.

THE BOYNTON FURNACE CO.,
195 and 197 Lake St. CHICAGO.
207, 209, and 211 Water St. NEW YORK.

TIFFANY GLASS & DECORATING COMPANY

·FURNISHERS·&·GLASS·WORKERS·DOMESTIC·&·ECCLESIASTICAL·

·DECORATIONS· ·MEMORIALS·

·333·TO·341·FOURTH·AVENUE·NEW·YORK·

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Financial

The bank statement below shows the drift of money again to be to the New York banks, and the addition to deposits makes a very favorable exhibit and finally brings up deposit accounts about equal to the item of loans, taking the two aggregates in comparison. The money market for call loans is now so oversupplied that rates are 2 per cent. for balances, with really very little demand even at this nominal figure. The banks of the city have again reduced their holdings of Clearing-House certificates, during the week over five million dollars, and there are now outstanding less than $25,000,000 of these certificates against $40,000,000 and over three weeks ago. This cancellation is due to the assurance that the Repeal Bill will go through the Senate; it is the best evidence we have that this event is assured, for unless the banks really felt that it was certain to come they would not be likely to give up this reserve strength. The foreign investors still hesitate about entering our markets as buyers of our securities, though there are some signs that they are doing a little of this, in a very cautious way, but it is with considerable timidity; yet during the latter part of the week there were more signs that foreigners were sharing with us here an increased confidence as to a favorable outcome in Washington legislation.

We have the comparative gross and net earnings for July and August with some of the Granger roads, which are of interest, first, in showing us the extreme depression in the traffic of these systems for these months, and, second, in giving us a good illustration of the great possibilities in the way of decreasing the running expenses under the pressure of necessity. In July the full force of this economy was not yet felt, but August has brought it out more conspicuously; for instance, while the gross earnings of the St. Paul road for July fell off 9 per cent., the saving in expenses only exhibits a decrease of 5 per cent., while in August, though the gross loss ran up to 17 per cent., the reduction in running expenses equaled 13 per cent. Burlington and Quincy shows even a better record for August, for while the gross figures decrease 17 per cent., the saving in expenses equals 17 per cent. also. And this has taken place in these systems without the introduction of decrease in wages—such as has taken place on the Union Pacific, and Louisville and Nashville roads. These figures certainly go far to show that in times of great stress the railways have a remedy in the radical cutting of expenses. Managers have these examples before them in the future.

The industrial stocks, such as those of the American Sugar, Distillers and Cattle Feeders, National Lead, and other companies, are being variously influenced in market quotations by the prospects of changes in the tariff. In sugar the imposition of duties on raw sugar in place of the bounty now paid by Government will tend to decrease the profits of the Company; the reduction of a duty on lead would also decrease profits; an increase of the internal tax on whisky would inure to the benefit of the Distillers' Company. These influences are actively at work now in the market, and are factors in influencing prices; what will be done in any case is mostly conjecture, but all serves to promote speculation in these properties, and the disposition for the week has been favorable to an advantageous interpretation as to the future action of Congress in this respect, for the feeling in the markets, especially in the closing part of the week, has been rather confident, resulting in a rise of from 2 to 4 per cent. in most of the active list. The bond market is active only in the bonds of bankrupt roads; a little more of a speculative demand sprang up in the Reading issues and also in those of the Northern Pacific. There was more activity in the Richmond Terminal bonds, for it is believed that these companies now presided over by receivers will be benefited largely when legislation on silver shall have secured the repeal of the "purchasing act."

The outlook for the crops has been improving somewhat. The estimate for wheat yield is now about four hundred and twenty million bushels, and for corn from seventeen hundred to eighteen hundred million bushels, which, together with old stocks, will furnish the roads with great traffic. Exports of cereals are very large now, and imports of merchandise shrink weekly. Foreign exchange is lower than a week ago.

The bank statement is as follows:

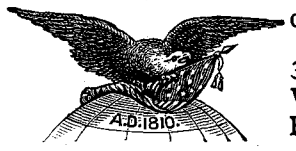
Loans, increase	$348,800
Specie, increase	2,123,800
Legal tenders, increase	6,145,100
Deposits, increase	7,033,400
Reserve, increase	6,510,550

This leaves the city banks a surplus reserve of about $24,100,000. WALL STREET.

For Dyspepsia and Nervousness
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate
Dr. J. C. STROUD, Moorestown, N. J., says: "I have used it for a number of years in my practice, and find it very useful in dyspepsia and nervousness."

FINANCIAL

AMERICAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY



Office, Company's Building,
308 & 310 Walnut St., Philadelphia

New York Guaranty and Indemnity Co.
59 CEDAR STREET, NEW YORK.
Mutual Life Building.

CAPITAL, - $2,000,000
SURPLUS, - 1,000,000

In addition to its special charter privileges, this Company possesses all the power of Trust Companies under the New York Banking Laws; acts as Trustee for corporations, firms, and individuals, as Executor or Administrator of Estates, and is a legal depository of trust funds.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.

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United States Mortgage Co.
(CHARTERED 1871)

Capital, - - - $2,000,000
Surplus, - - - 500,000
59 CEDAR ST., NEW YORK
Transacts a General Trust Business.
Receives Deposits Subject to Check.
Allows Interest on Daily Balances.
Issues Certificates of Deposit Bearing Interest.
Offers at Par and Interest its
5 Per Cent. First Mtge. Gold Bonds
in Denominations of $1,000, $500, and $100.

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Investment Securities

$ such as real estate loans, municipal bonds, school bonds, etc. We select these for large and small investors with the utmost care. They will yield 4½% to 6½%.
Our pamphlet is free.

The Provident Trust Co. 45 Milk St., Boston, Mass.
Please mention The Outlook

Silks AND Velvets

This week additional designs in Satin Liberty, Plain, and with Barre, Satin Lumineuse Lance, Moire, Antique Faconne, Moire Antique Imprime, and other exclusive Novelties, will be shown by us.

Of last season's styles about 5,000 yards will be offered at $1.00 to $2.00 per yard. The Colorings are adapted for both Evening and Street wear.

IN THE BASEMENT

will be found the largest and most interesting stock of Silks and Velvets yet shown there. Light and dark colors. All the most desirable makes represented. Rich qualities of figured Indias, 45 cents per yard.

At our 50-cent counter will be represented 10 different lines of goods.

Special qualities in Black Silks will be included in next week's offering.

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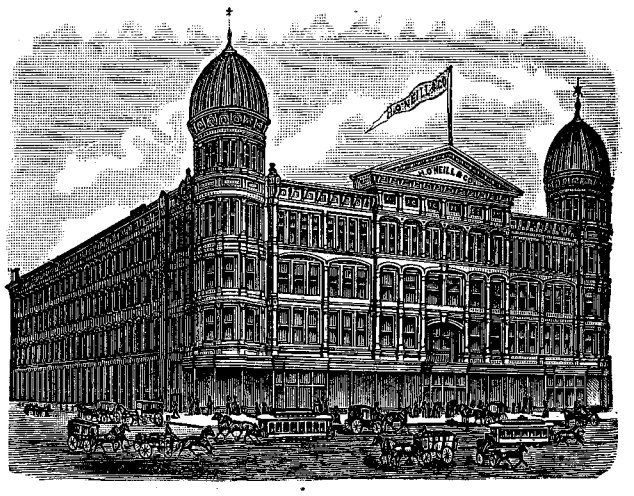

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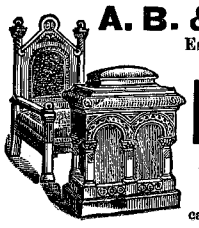

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The White and Black Cities

An English Comment

A writer in a recent issue of the London "Spectator" sets the World's Fair and Chicago in rather violent contrast:

THE WHITE CITY

Once in the grounds, we see a park lying by the side of a lake, which is practically a great inland sea. Its waves leap on the shore, its breezes bring refreshment even on those warmest and worst of all days when the air is languid and heavy and charged almost to extinction with the heat which it has gathered while passing over vast tracts of prairie-land. There are well-established trees on all sides, and well-watered green lawns, and great lagoons by the side of which rise the Exhibition buildings.

The effect of this vast succession of dazzlingly white buildings under a sky more lofty and fiery in its strength of blueness than any we have ever yet seen, is most beautiful but startling. We stand in admiration, and wonder how structures, many of which we know, and in some places can see, to be made of nothing more than wood, with a thin covering of white plaster and cement, should be able to give us so much artistic pleasure. That they do give it is doubtless due to the fact that the architect who planned the whole, and who died, alas! before seeing the fruit of his labor, must have had a perfect genius for making use of the accidents of the situation; and that his conceptions have been realized with a grace and freedom from vulgarity which has never yet been met with when exhibitions have been held in an old country, and could scarcely have been hoped for in a new one. The Art Gallery is a very fine edifice—it is lamentable that it cannot permanently occupy its present site. The Peristyle is another feature which distinctly makes its mark. The New York Building is handsome; the State Building of Massachusetts, with its white walls and tender-gray roof and woodwork—down even to the strip of garden it is a faithful copy of John Hancock's house—is a delicious bit of Puritanism; the Californian, for which an old convent supplied the design, gives us the other side of the picture.

THE BLACK CITY

Never was a dirtier, grimier, more smoke-infested city than Chicago, in the business quarter. Volumes of black smoke rise up in the air and descend down upon the earth. Virulent bits of cinder force their way into your eyes—and if ever your eyes were wanted, it is here, where about four hundred miles of street-railway tracks "gridiron" the city, crossing and recrossing at the street-corners until there are sometimes six or eight of them to traverse before you can reach the other side. Besides this, Chicago is practically (so it says) the terminal point of all the trunk-lines of railway—North, South, East, or West—and as these lines, as a rule, enter the city by level crossings, it is not surprising that an average of three deaths daily is the result. Electric cars, cable-cars, elevated railways, and great lines with level crossings, are some of the enemies of the house of your life. The engines shriek and snort, and jangle bells night and day—day is made dangerous by them, and night hideous. These bells are monstrous creatures attached to the engine, which lie on their backs and kick when the train comes in sight of town or station. They are a relic of barbarism, and, instead of adding to "the sweet security" of Chicago streets, only add to the confusion.

No city in the world can well be more horrible than Chicago proper. Its houses are higher than those of any other town, its streets dirtier, its river an abomination, which can be smelt but not described. As for its common lodging and tenement houses, we were told by an official, dispatched by a European Government to various great towns in Europe and America to see how the problem of housing the poor was dealt with, that all the dirt, squalor, and misery of such buildings in all the great cities of the world was as nothing compared with the dirt and misery of those in Chicago, for such houses are there made of wood, which sucks in the dirt and infection, and never parts with either.

Grub or Plant?

The most curious of all objects in New Zealand is that which the Maoris call "aweto." One is uncertain whether to call it an animal or a plant. In the first stage of its existence it is simply a caterpillar about three or four inches in length, and always found in connection with the rata-tree, a kind of flowering myrtle. It appears that when it reaches full growth it buries itself two or three inches underground, where, instead of undergoing the ordinary chrysalis process, it becomes gradually transformed into a plant, which exactly fills the body and shoots up at the neck to a height of eight or ten inches.

This plant resembles in appearance a diminutive bulrush, and the two, animal and plant, are always found inseparable. One is apt to relegate it to the domain of imagination, among dragons and mermaids, but then its existence and nature have been accepted by the late Frank Buckland. How it propagates its species is a mystery. One traveler, after describing its dual nature, calmly states that it is the grub of the night butterfly. If so, then the grub must also become a butterfly, or what becomes of the species?

One would be ready to suppose that the grub really does so, and that some fungus finds the cast-off slough congenial quarters for its growth. But as far as present observation goes, the grub never becomes a butterfly, but is changed in every case into a plant.—*Chambers's Journal.*

American Missionary Association

The Forty-seventh Annual Meeting of the American Missionary Association will be held in the First Congregational Church of Elgin, Ill., October 24–26. The meeting will open at 3 P.M. with an address of welcome from Pastor J. H. Selden and a response by President Merrill E. Gates. The General Survey and Treasurer's Report will be presented. In the evening the Rev. Nehemiah Boynton, of Boston, will preach the sermon. As far as possible, the people of Elgin will furnish entertainment.

No railroad rates can be obtained other than the reductions offered for visiting the Columbian Exposition. Our friends can avail themselves of these. Elgin is reached by trains on the Northwestern Railway or on the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, and is about one hour's ride from Chicago.

Such delegates and friends of the American Missionary Association as desire entertainment are requested to address Orlando Davidson, Esq., Elgin, Ill., Chairman of the Local Committee, not later than the 15th of October.

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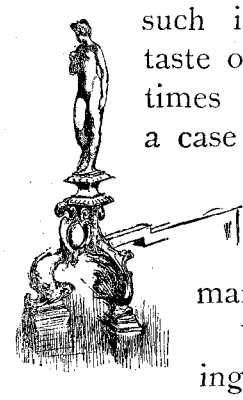

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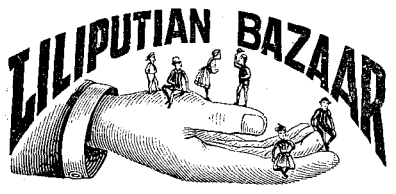

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Don't sit in a draught. If you do, the doctor, in all probability, will be the one to cash it.—*Troy Press.*

Sharing her Burdens.—Jaggs—It's a shame to make your wife work so hard. Why don't you help her? Baggs—Why, I do! I make the fire every morning. Jaggs—But who carries the coal up stairs? Baggs—We use a gas stove.—*Puck.*

Assistant (to employer)—What shall I mark that new lot of black silk at? Employer—Mark the selling price 8*s.* 6*d.* a yard. Assistant—But it only cost 3*s.* a yard. Employer—I don't care what it cost. I am selling off regardless of cost.—*Tid-Bits.*

A little girl who had an aptitude for long-sounding words was one day playing school with her dolls. She was speaking quite emphatically, when her mother said, "My dear, do not speak so loud; it is better to speak gently." "Yes, mamma, but I wish to make a deep indentation on my scholars."—*Youth's Companion.*

"I didn't like your cake very well to-night," remarked Gus De Smith to his landlady. "No?" queried she; "what was the matter with it?" "It seemed to me it was a little short." "I have noticed the same failing in you, Mr. De Smith," was the terse reply. And Dingley borrowed enough from his friends to pay something on account.—*Texas Siftings.*

"One of my ancestors won a battle during the Crusades by his skill in handling his artillery," said the Baron. "But, my dear Baron," said his friend, "at the time of the Crusades gunpowder had not yet been discovered." "I know that as well as you do, and so did my ancestor." "How did he win the battle, then?" "He brought his artillery to bear on the Saracens, and the stupid fools, seeing the guns, supposed that powder had at last been discovered, and fled in dismay."—*Texas Siftings.*

Mr. Talmage must be highly delighted with the head-lines given his sermon on Jephthah by that delicately æsthetic daily journal, the Cincinnati "Enquirer." These head-lines thus appear: "Jeph—The Old Freebooter—At an Early Age He was Forced to Rough It—He Held Up the End of His String in Great Shape—And Soon Sewed Up the Games of Twenty Cities—On His Return from Victory He Kept a Promise—He Must Sacrifice the First Person Seen in His Door—He Looks—Holy Horrors—It is His Fair Daughter—But Jephthah Was a Man of His Word and the Beautiful Young Girl was Slain."—*Exchange.*

Prices for Sermons

Much has been said of the practice of buying and selling sermons—a practice, by the way, of no very special novelty. Just before Toplady was about to be ordained, Osborne, the bookseller, the friend of Johnson, offered to supply him with a stock of original sound sermons for a trifle. "I would sooner buy second-hand clothes," was the reply. "Don't be offended," said Osborne; "I have sold many to a bishop." The price of sermons, as of all else, has varied with the times. In 1540 a Bishop of Llandaff received from the churchwardens of St. Margaret's, Westminster, for a sermon on the Annunciation, a pike, price 2*s.* 4*d.*; a gallon of wine, 8*d.*, and boat hire—in all 3*s.* 4*d.*

In the seventeenth century sermons seem to have been valued at about 5*s.* each. But the difficulties of composition have been by no means universally felt. Sharpe, Archbishop of York, was wont to acknowledge that it was the Bible and Shakespeare jointly which had brought him to that ancient see. Wesley in fifty years preached over 40,000 sermons; Hook burned over 2,000 when he left Leeds; and Grimshaw, in the wild districts adjacent to the Brontés' home, preached habitually thirty-six sermons in a fortnight.—*Temple Bar.*

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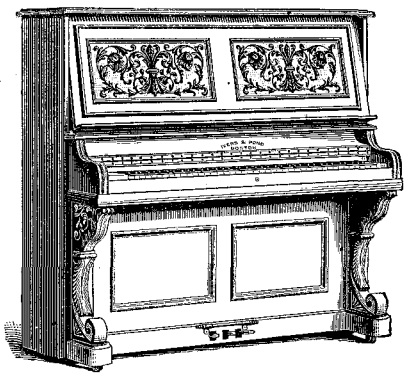

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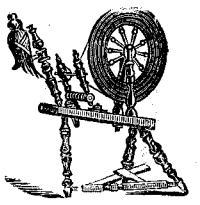

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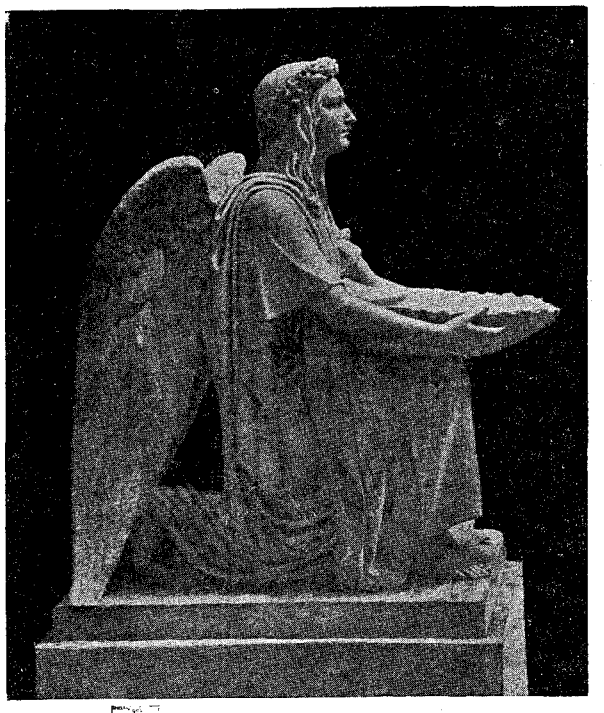

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